

PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY
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PRESS

THE WEAKEST GOETH
TO THE WALL
1600

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1912

This reprint of the *Weakest Goeth to the Wall* has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

Feb. 1913.

W. W. Greg.

In the Register of the Stationers' Company occurs the following entry :

.23. Octobris [1600] : . :

Entred for his copie vnder the handes of master pasfeild and
master white Warden A booke called, the Weakest goethe to the
Wallis vj^d

Richard
Oliffes

[Arber's Transcript, III. 175.]

The play appeared in quarto, printed by Thomas Creede for Richard Olive and dated the same year. Copies of this edition are preserved in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, and collection of the Duke of Devonshire: all want the blank leaf at the beginning but are otherwise perfect. The first two have been collated throughout for the present reprint while the third has also been consulted, but the only real variation discovered is that in the running-title on sig. B 1^r where the Bodleian copy has a misprint. The type of the quarto is roman and approximates in size to modern pica (20 ll. = 82 mm.). On 6 Nov. 1615 Olive's widow transferred her right in the *Weakest Goeth to the Wall* to Philip Knight (Arber, III. 576), who on 18 Oct. 1617 passed it on to Richard Hawkins (Arber, III. 614). It was for Hawkins that a subsequent edition was printed in 1618 by G. P., i.e. George Purslowe. Of this copies are in the British Museum, the Bodleian, and the Dyce collection, all perfect. The type is the same as in the earlier edition.

An attribution of the play to Dekker and Webster was made by Edward Phillips in 1675 and repeated by Winstanley in 1687. Like most of Phillips' ascriptions this rests upon a foolish misunderstanding of the early catalogues, in which

the play appears as anonymous, but it has been religiously recorded and discussed by recent writers in spite of the fact that Langbaine corrected the error as long ago as 1691.

The Earl of Oxford's company which is said on the title-page to have performed the piece, was a troupe of boys with whom Anthony Munday may have been associated. Not very much is known about them, but they can be traced in the provinces from 1580 to 1590; they performed at court on 27 Dec. 1584, and are known to have been in London in the winter of 1586-7 (J. T. Murray, *Dramatic Companies*, i. 344, &c.). Between 1590 and 1600 nothing is heard of them, but the fact that a company under Oxford's patronage was habitually playing at the Bores Head in the spring of 1602 (Collections, i. 86), and further that a play belonging to it is described in the Stationers' Register on 3 July 1601 as 'lately playd' (Arber, III. 187), makes it unnecessary to suppose an early date for the present piece.

Though the historical setting is different, the play is clearly based upon the first novel, that of Sappho, Duke of Mantona, in Barnabe Rich's *Farewell to Military Profession*, 1581. The story is claimed by Rich as his own invention, and no Italian source has ever been discovered though critics have followed one another in asserting its existence.

In the reprint the division into scenes has been indicated in the margin, but no attempt has been made to group these into acts.

LIST OF DOUBTFUL READINGS, &c.

N.B.—The following is primarily a list of those passages in which the reading of the original is open to question, and of those in which different copies of the original have been found to vary. It also includes a number of readings which are evident typographical blunders of the original, this being necessary as a defence of the accuracy of the reprint. It makes, however, no pretence of supplying a complete list of errors and corruptions, still less of offering any criticism or emendation. For the sake of greater clearness the readings are quoted in a slightly different manner from that adopted in the earlier Malone reprints. The mere repetition of a reading out of the text is equivalent to ‘sic’.

165 *speaker's name omitted*
 235 c.w. *To*
 270 c.w. 3 *Whom*
 299 1 *Noble*
 334 *runne as] possibly runneas*
 363 *rhen*
 386 *fields*
 460 *put*
 465 *cleyue*
 629 *hardvnto*
 659 *chefts,*
 691 *plumens*
 763 c.w. *betall,*
 901 *sea-toft] hyphen doubtful*
 960 *Lod,*
 986 *Pater.*
 1018 *tougue*
 1080 *man tis? good*
 1112 *beleefe,] possibly be leefe,*
 1191 *not indented*
 1248 *Ld.*
 1311 *finde*
 1494 *murdet*
 1567 *Ferdinad*
 1643 *Hypocisie*

1658 *line not full*
 1726 *is gone?*
 1823 *ro*
 1896 *disafter*
 1897 *imbalmimg*
 1898 *my restraines my*
 1961 *ignomy*
 2002 *incenfured*
 2010 *Sezton*
 2026 *husband] s doubtful*
 2044 *that that*
 2056-7 *my my*
 2064 *Odil*
 2096 *to to*
 2150 *Sift] possibly Sift*
 2200 *my*
 2234 *Christendomelet] possibly
 Christendome. let but
 the mark is probably ac-
 cidental*
 2368 *hafte:*
 B 1^v *R.T. goeth] goeeth Bodl.
 only*
 sig. I 2 *misprinted H 2*

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

The King of FRANCE.	EMMANUEL, Duke of Brabant.
LODOWICK, Duke of Bullen (or Bulloigne).	LEONTIUS, a courtier of Emmanuel's.
MERCURY, Duke of Anjou.	FREDERICK, son to Lodowick, brought up as a foundling by Emmanuel and known as Ferdinand.
two Gentlemen.	ODILLIA, daughter to Emmanuel.
BARNABE BUNCH, an English butcher.	Sir NICHOLAS, a parish priest.
three Citizens.	SHAMONT, a courtier of Emmanuel's.
two Messengers.	LORD EPERNON, the French General.
JACOB VAN SMELT, a Flemish host.	two Soldiers of Eperton's.
ORIANA, wife to Lodowick.	VILLIERS, a merchant.
DIANA, his daughter.	two Messengers.
HERNANDO DE MEDINA, the Spanish General.	
UGO DE CORDOVA, his lieutenant.	
two Citizens of Shamount.	

French and Spanish soldiers, French nobles, a provost and headsman.

The original is inconsistent with regard to the names Frederick and Ferdinand (or Ferdinando) in the stage directions and speaker's names. He is first introduced with the direction 'Enter Frederick, Ferdinando kneeles' (l. 669). Otherwise in that scene (vi), and in scs. ix and xviii, he is Frederick (yet in l. 2105 we have *Fer.*); while in scs. xii, xv, and xvi he is Ferdinand. The confusion even extends to the text, for in l. 736 Emmanuel addresses him as Frederick. Lodowick, or Lodwick as the name is usually spelt, is duke of Bullen in sc. i, of Bulloigne in scs. xv-xviii, except in l. 2001 where the form Bullen reappears.

THE VVEAKEST goeth to the VVall.

*As it hath bene sun.dry times plaide by the right ho-
nourable Earle of Oxenford, Lord great
Chamberlaine of England
his seruants.*



L O N D O N

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Richard
Oliue; dwelling in Long Lane.

1 6 0 0.



THE WEAKEST

goeth to the wall.

A dombe shewe.

After an Alarum, enter one way the Duke of Burgundie, another way, the Duke of Aniou with his power, they encounter, Burgundie is slaine. Then enter the Dutches of Burgundie with young Fredericke in her hand, who being pursued of the French, leapes into a Riuier, leauing the child vpon the banke, who is presently found by the duke of Brabant, who came to aid Burgundie, when it was too late.

Prologue.

THe Duke of *Anion* farally inclind
Against the familie of *Bullen*, leades
A mightie Armie into *Burgundie*,
Where *Philip* younger brother of that house
Was Duke: whose power vnequall with his foes,
Recew'd the foile, and being slaine himselfe,
The souldiers after ward pursue his wife:
She flying from the Citie, tooke with her,
Her pretie Nephew, *Lodwicks* tender sonne,
Brought vp and fostred by his vncle *Philip*,
And in her flight to scape the bloudie hands
Of those that follow'd, leapes into a Riuier,
And there vntimely perisht in the flood.
The litle *Fredericke* left vpon the shore,
The tardie Duke of *Brabant* all too late,

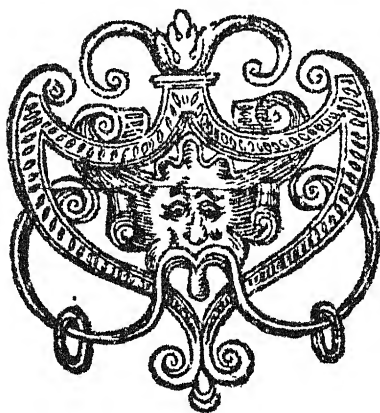
A 3

That

THE WEAKEST

goeth to the VVall.

*As it hath been sundry times plaid by the right
honourable Earle of Oxenford, Lord
great Chamberlaine of England
his seruants.*



LONDON,

Printed by G. P. for *Richard Hawkins*, and
are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-
Lane, neere Sericants Inne. 1618.

THE WEAKEST goeth to the Wall.

*As it hath bene sundry times plaide by the right honourable Earle of Oxenford, Lord great Chamberlaine of England
his seruants.*



L O N D O N

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Richard
Oliue, dwelling in Long Lane.

1 6 0 0.



THE WEAKEST

goeth to the wall.

A dombe showe.

After an Alarum, enter one way the Duke of Burgundie, another way, the Duke of Aniou with his power, they encounter, Burgundie is flaine Then enter the Dutches of Burgundie with young Fredericke in her hand, who being pursued of the French, leaps into a Riuer, leauing the child vpon the banke, who is presently found by the duke of Brabant, who came to aid Burgundie, when it was too late

Prologue

Prol.

THe Duke of *Aniou* fatallly inclind
Against the familie of *Bullen*, leades
A mightie Armie into *Burgundie*,
Where *Philip* younger brother of that house
Was Duke: whose power vnequall with his foes,
Receiu'd the foile, and being flaine himselfe,
The souldiers afterward pursue his wife:
She flying from the Citie, tooke with her,
Her pretie Nephew, *Lodwicks* tender sonne,
Brought vp and fostred by his vncle *Philip*,
And in her flight to scape the bloudie hands
Of those that follow'd, leapes into a Riuer,
And there vntimely perisht in the flood.
The litle *Fredericke* left vpon the shore,
The tardie Duke of *Brabant* all too late,

11

20

The weakest goeth to the wall.

That came with succour to relieue his friend
Espies, and ignorant of whence he was
Maintaines and keepes him, till he came to age:
Of him, his fortune, and his fathers woes,
The Scæne ensuing, further shall disclose.

Exit. 30

*Enter King of Fraunce, a noble man bearing his Crowne, and an Sc. i
other his batte, staffe, and Pilgrimes gowne, with them conuer-
sing Duke Aniou, and Lodwicke, Duke of Bullen*

King. How long shall I intreate? how long my Lords,
Will you detaine our holy Pilgrimage?
Are not our vowes already registerd
Vpon th'vnualued Sepulchre of Christ,
And shall your malice and inueterate hate
Like a contrarious tempest still diuorse
Our soule, and her religious chaste desires? 40
If it be treason to attempt by force,
To take from me this earthly Crowne of mine,
What is it when you studie to depriue
My soule of her eternall Dyadem?
Oh did you but regard my iust demaund,
Or would like subiects tender your Kings zeale,
You could not choose but entertaine a peace.
Why frowne you then? why do your sparkling eyes
Dart mortall arrowes in each others face?
Am I a friend, and can I not perswade? 50
Am I King, and shall I not preuaile?
Aniou be pacified, and *Bullen* leaue
To feed thy swelling stomake with contempt.
Lod Your grace doth know (with pardon be it spoken)
My wrongs are such, as I haue cause to frowne,
Nor can you blame me if I loath his fight
That was the butcher of my brothers life
In *Burgundie* what slaughters did he make?

What

The weakest goeth to the wall.

What tyrannie left he vnpractisde there?
Philip suppress, did not their bloody hands
Extend to women and resistlesse babes?
Amongst the rest, was not the Dutchesse drown'd?
And that which drawes continuall floods of teares
From these mine eyes: and daily doth assaile
My feeble heart with neuer dying grieffe,
Miscarried not young *Fredericke* my sonne?
Ah was not he vntimely by their meanes
Cutte off, that should haue comforted mine age?
Poore boy, whose pitteous speaking eye
Might haue bene able to haue turnd the hearts
Of sauage Lyons: yet they sparde him not.

60

70

K1. Ah speake no more of *Burgundies* discease,
Nor wake the quiet slumber of thy sonne,
But with the gray decrepit haire of thine
That are expir'd since *Fredericke* was intomb'd,
With his deare Aunt amidst the licquid waues,
Let slip the memorie of that mishap,
And now forget it, and forgiue it too.

Lod. Although I must confesse the least of these
Incumbant euills, is argument enough
To whet the bluntest stomacke to reuenge:
Yet that your highnesse may perceiue my mind
Doth fauour of mildnesse and compassion,
And that the *Bullen* Duke may nere be found
To be a Traitor to his Kings commaund,
There is my dagger, and Ile lay my hand
Vnder the foote of *Anjou* where he treads,
And I will do it to deserue your loue

80

K1. Wee thanke thee *Bullen* for thy kind respect,
But he that should be formost to set ope
The gate of mercie, and let friendship in,
Vpon whose head redounds the whole reproach
Of all these iniuries, swolne bigge with ire

90

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Stands as an Out-law still vpon defiance.

Mer. I must dissemble theres no remedie.

K. Looke *Aniou* here, and let his summers brow,
Thawe the hard winter of thy frozen heart.

Mer Dread soueraigne, *Aniou* likewise doth submit,
And with repentant thoughts for what is past,
Rests humbly at your Maiesties dispose.

100

K. Then take the Duke of *Bullen* by the hand,
And treading former hatred vnder foote,
Wherewith your houses haue bene still oppressd,
Like subiects of your King be reconcil'd.

Mer There is my hand *Lodwick*, the hand of him,
That thought to haue embrewd it in thy blood,
But now is made the instrument of peace.

Lod. And there is mine, with which I once did vow,
To sacrifice thy body to pale death,
But now I do embrace thee as a friend.

110

They embrace

Mer. The like doo I, but to an other end,
For *Lewis* no sooner shall depart from hence,
But straight new deeds of mischief Ile commence.

Ki. This ioyes my soule, and more to let you know
How pleasing this retrait of peace doth seeme,
Till my returne from *Palestine* againe,
Be you ioynt gouernours of this my Realme,
I do ordaine you both my substitutes:
And herewithall bequeathe into your hands,
The keeping of the Crowne: my selfe adorn'd
With these abiliments of humble life,
Will forward to performe my promist vow.

120

Lod The God of heauen be still your highnesse guide.

Mer. And helpe to thrust thy partnership aside.

Ki. *Lodwick*, the loue that thou doest beare to vs,
And *Mercury*, the allegiance thou doest owe,
Now in my absence both of you will showe.
So leauing and relying on your trust,

I bid

The weakest goeth to the wall.

I bid farewell, remember to be iust.

Exit.

130

Mer. Brother of *Bullen*: so Ile call you now.
For why, this birth of new authoritie
Will haue it so, let me intreat your grace
That youle excuse my suddenn haste from hence.
I haue some vrgent cause of great affaires,
That call me to the countrey for a while,
But long it shall not be ere I returne

Lod. At your good pleasure be it brother of *Aniou*,
Yet let me tell you that the iealous world
By this our seperation will misiudge.

140

Mer. Not for so short a space, on friday next
I meane God willing to reuisit you

Lod. Adiew my Lord: the straunge euent that time
In his continuance often brings to passe:
Not two houres since I would haue sworne he lied,
That would haue told me, *Aniou* and my selfe,
Should euer haue bene heard to enterchaunge
Such friendly conference: but my word is past,
And I will keepe my couenant with the King

150

Enter two Gentlemen, Petitioners.

1. God saue your honour.

2. Health to the Duke of *Bullen*.

Lod. Gentlemen y'are welcome, come you with newes?
Or haue you some Petition to the King?

1. A sute my Lord, which should haue bene preferd
Vnto the King himselfe, but being gone
Vpon his Pilgrimage before we came,
The power now to do vs right remaines
Within your hands: whom as we vnderstand,
His grace hath made Vice-gerent of the Land.

160

Lod. What is your sute?

2. This paper will vnfold,
If please you take perusall of the same.

The weakest goeth to the wall.

O I remember now, it is to haue
A Pattent seald, for certaine exhibition
Giuen by his highnesse for your seruice done
Against the late inuasion of the English.

1 True my good Lord.

Lod. Well I will doo you any good I can :
But Gentlemen, I must be plaine with you,
I am but the halfe part of that authoritie
Which late you spake of: for with me is ioyned
The Duke of *Anjou*, equally possesse.
And he euen now departed from the Court,
But when he doth returne, you shall be sure
To be dispatcht.

170

2. When he returnes my Lord?
That will not be I feare, till angry warre
Hath brought destruction on some part of *Fraunce*.

180

Lod. How say you that? till angry warre hath brought
Destruction on some part of *Fraunce*, why so?

2. Because my Lord, in secret he hath leuied
A mightie power, which since, as we are told,
Lying not farre from *Paris*, had in charge
As on this day to meete the Duke at *Mullins*

Lod. A towne neare neighbouring on my territories :
It is euen so, this proud dissembling Duke
Made our reconcilement but a colour
To cloake his treason till the King were gone,
And now his hollow and perfidious dealing,
As when the turffe the Adder lurked in
Is shorne away, begins to shewe it selfe.

190

It is at me he aimes, the bloud he dranke
In *Burgundie* will not allay his thirst,
Orleance must administer a fresh supply :
But least my wife and daughter whom I left
Slenderly guarded, fall into his hands,
(Which now is all the comfort I haue left)
Come Gentlemen, I will dispatch your sute,

200

And

The weakest goeth to the wall.

And afterward ride post vnto my house.

i. We will attend vpon your excellence

Exeunt

Enter Barnabie Bunch a Botcher, with a paire of sheares, a sc. ii handbasket with a crosse bottome of thred, three or foure paire of old stockings, peeces of fustian and cloath, &c

Bunch. Buoniour in French, is good morrow in English: true, and therewithall good morrow faire, what? maides? no, good morrow faire morning: and yet as faire as it looks I feare we shall haue raine, these French fleas bite so filthily 210 We trauellers are abiect, thats to say, order'd to many miseries and troubles: I *Barnabie Bunch*, the Botcher now, whilome (that is sometime) of a better trade: for I was an Ale-draper, as Thames and Tower-wharffe can witnesse: well, God be with them both: my honourable humour to learne language and see fashions, has lost me many a stout draught of strong Ale, what at *London*, what at *Grauesend*, where I was borne. This *Fraunce* I confesse is a goodly Countrey, but it breeds no Ale hearbes, good water thats drinke for a horse, and de vine blanket, and de vine Couer- 220 let, dat is vine Claret for great out-rich cobs Well fare *England*, where the poore may haue a pot of Ale for a penney, fresh Ale, firme Ale, nappie Ale, nippitate Ale, irregular, secular Ale, couragious, contagious Ale, alcumisticall Ale. Well vp with my ware, and downe to my worke, and on to my song, for a merrie heart liues long.

He hangs three or foure paire of hose vpon a sticke, and falls to sowing one hose heele and sings.

King Richards gone to Walsingham,

He speakes

230

Kate is my goose roasted?

He sings.

To the holy Land.

He speakes.

I meane my pressing Iron wench.

The weakest goeth to the wall.

He sings.

To kill Turke and Saracen that the truth do withstand.

He speakes

Prithee make it hot, I must use it.

He sings.

240

Christ his crosse be his good speed, Christ his foes to quell,

He speakes.

Let it not be red hotte Kate.

He sings

Send him helpe in time of need, and to come home well

O for one pot of mother *Bunches* Ale, my owne mothers Ale, to wash my throat this mistie morning: it would cleare my sight, comfort my heart, and stuffe my veines, that I should not smell the fauour of these stockings: well fare cleanly English men yet: these French mens feete haue a 250
pockie strong sent

Enter two or three Citizens, one after an other, with Bags and Plate, and things to hide

Who be these that run so fearefully? ha? Citizens by the masse, Citizens, that looke as they were skard.

He sings

*Iohn Dorrie bought him an ambling Nag to Paris for to ride a,
And happy are they can seeke & find, for they are gone to hide a*

1. How blessed is this Botcher that can sing?
When all the Citie is set on sorrowing.

260

*He seekes vp and downe for a place
to hide his Plate*

Where shall I hide this litle that I haue,
Whilst speedie flight attempt my life to saue?

2. O vnexpected fudden miserie,
More bitter made by our securitie:

We vnprouided, and our foes at hand,
The head depres'd how can the body stand?

Seeke.

Where shall I throwd vnseene this litle pelfe,
Whilest I by flight affay to saue my selfe.

270

3 Whom

The weakest goeth to the wall.

3. Whom haue we here? my gold will me betray.
Thee must I leaue, with life to steale away.

He seekes.

Thou art my life, then if I liue tis wonder,
When limmes and life are forc'd to part in funder.

1. Who's there?

2. A friend: who thou?

1. No enimie, whats he?

3. A Citizen your neighbour, what fellow's that?

1. A Botcher, a poore English mechanick.

280

2. What shall we do in this calamitie?

1. Hide what we haue, and flie from th'enemie

3. O how neare is hee?

2. Heele be here to night.

3. No meane to saue our liues but present flight.

Bunch. What are these thick skind heauie purs'd gorbellied churles mad? what do they feare? to be robd I thinke: O that they would hide their money where I might find it, that should be the first language I would learne to speake: though I haue no money, I am as merrie as they, and well fare nothing once a yeere; *For early vp and neuer the neere.*

Enter Lodwick.

Lod. O whither flie ye filly heartlesse shadowes?
What sudden feare so daunts your courages?
Are ye surpriz'd with dread of enemies?
Then arme your selues to guard your selues and yours:
Let not base rumours driue ye from your denne,
As Hares from formes, stay, fight, and die like men.

1. Noble Duke *Lodwick*, what auails our stay,
When all our power cannot defend one part?

300

Lod. We shall haue helpe.

2. From whom?

Lod. From Count *Lauall*.

1. No he and *Trosthey* are with *Mercurie*.

Lod. Yet *Monsieur Rossibroune* may come in time.

3. All is but hazard, we are sure of none.

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Therefore God buy you my Lord, for Ile saue one.

Exit.

2 And I an other.

1. And I if I can.

310

Exeunt Ambo.

Lod. Are ye all gone? stayes there not one man?

Good fellow what art thou?

Bunch. A corrector of extrauagant hose feete.

Lod. Wilt thou abide?

And fight against th'approaching enemy?

Bunch. Enuie? what enuie?

Lod. The periurd Duke of *Aniou*, *Mercurie*,
That comes to sack this vnprouided Towne

Bunch. Is he neare hand?

320

Lod. I, nearer then I wish.

Bunch. O that I had my pressing Iron out of the fire, and
my cleane shert from my Laundresse, that I might bid this
towne farewell, and blesse it with my heeles toward it: fie, fie,
downe with my stall, vp with my wares, shift for my selfe.

Lod. So all will leaue me in extremitie.

Enter a Messenger.

Nuntio. Deare honored Lord, make hast to saue your self,
The armed troupes of trecherous *Mercury*,
Approach so fast, and in such multitudes,
That some of them are seene within a league,
And not a man of ours in readinesse,
Except it be to runne, none to resist.

330

Lod. Then must I runne as fast as they,
Lodwick till now was neuer runne-away.

Exeunt Lodwick, and Messenger.

Bunch. If euery body runne, its time for me to goe: O
that my customers had their ware, and I money for men-
ding them, heres sudden warres when we nere thought vp-
on it Well, if I had had grace, I might haue tarried
at Tower wharffe, armed with a white apron, a pot
in

340

The weakest goeth to the wall.

in my left hand, a chalke in my right : what makes this in the
pye ? fixe pence said I : fill here hey in the swanne, by and
by, anan, anan : there might I haue eate my fill, and drunke
my fill, and slept my fill, and all without feare, safe as moufe
in a mill: heere if th'eny come, will be nothing, but kil, kil,
kill : and I am sure to be in most daunger, because I am an
Englisch man and a straunger, this is the lucke of them that
trauell forrain lands : now one paire of running legges, are
worth two paire of working hands

350

Exit.

*Enter Duke Mercury with Souldiers,
Drumme, and Ensigne.*

Sc. iii

Mer A plague vpon you, was the Pallace watch'd
That he and his haue all escaped thus ?

O I could teare my very heart strings out,

I am so stung with this indignitie

Will no man bring me word that he is taken ?

Night wert thou any thing, but what thou art,

A thicke darke shadowe, that art onely seene,

360

I would not liue, till thou wert banished,

But let him goe, and now shall *Aniou* shine

More brighter then the burning lampe of heauen :

Where in the height of the celestiall signes,

In all his pompe he failes along the skies,

Now *France* shall shake with terror of my name,

Onely my word shall be a Parliament,

Enacting statutes as shall bind the world,

Where maiestie shall plead prerogative,

In mightie volumes writing with his hand,

370

The vncontrlld decrees of foueraigntie :

Lodwick expulsed, and King *Francis* gone,

Yet once is *Aniou* King of *Fraunce* alone

Enter Messenger.

Messen. My Lord.

Mer. Is *Lodwick* taken ? raunsome him to me,

And

The weakest goeth to the wall.

And take my Dukedome what so ere thou bee.

Messen. I am a Messenger of other newes

Mer. O but salute mine eares with that sweete sound,
And in that musick be all accents drownd 380

Mes My Lord : to Armes, to Armes ; my Lord of *Anjou*,
The power of *Spaine* hath past the Pyren hills,
And are already entred into *France*,
Vnder *Hernando*, the great Duke of *Medena* :

The Frontiers lie all blazed with rude warre :

The fields are couerd with vnciuill armes

Of sunburnt Moores, and tawnie Affricans

Which they haue brought : they skorn to beare their spoiles

Their neighing Gennets, armed to the field

Do yorke and fling, and beate the fullen ground, 390

And vncontrolld, come loose abroad in *France*.

Nauarre is sack'd, and like a mightie flood

The haughtie Spaniard ouerturneth all

Gather your power, make head against the foe :

The diuell driues, tis full time to goe.

Mer The diuell burst those balling chops of thine.

Spaine and the plague, and hell and all together,

If the full tunne of vengeance be abroach,

Fill out and fwill vntill you burst againe.

Come dogge, come diuell, he that scapes best 400

Let him take all, and split, and rore, and choke

Hooke, swords and caps, if hell will ha't thus doe

Let him liues longst, wipe the reckoning out,

Sound drumme away, before our glory die,

Some shall be lowe, that now do looke full hie.

Enter Yacob van Smelt, Lodwick, Oriana,
Dyana, and Bunch.

Sc. xv

Yacob Well my lifekins, so ick must be you Wert, dat is
you host ; and you mine gheffe, to eat met mie, and slope met
mie, in my huys : well, here bene van you, vier, (foure as you 410
feg

The weakest goeth to the wall.

feg in English) twea mannikins, twea tannikins, twea mans, twea womans: spreak, wat will you geuen by de dagh? by de weeke? by de mont? by de yeare? all to mall

Bunch. Sauing your tale mine host, what is your name?

Yacob. *Yacob van Smelt.*

Bunch. *Smelt?* Lord, many of your name are taken in the Thames, youle not be angry?

Yacob. Angry? niet niet.

Bunch. How? nit? nay then I perceiue I shall bee angry first: zounds twit me with my trade? I am the fag end of a Tayler; in plaine English a Botcher: and though my countrey men do call me pricklouse, yet you Flemish Boore shal not call me nit; ye base Butterbox, ye Smelt, your kinsfolks dwell in the Thames, and are sold like slaues in Cheap-side by the hundreth, two pence a quarterne.

Yacob. Gods pestilence, beeft thou frantick?

Lod. Patience my friends, fellow he spake no ill, My gentle host was casting his account, To what our weekly charges must amount

Yacob. Yaw, yaw, true, true.

430

Bunch. True, true? lie, lie: did not you say first you would mall vs all? and then calld me nit, nit? tis not your big belly, nor your fat bacon, can cary it away, if ye offer vs the boots: what though we be driuen from our owne dwelling, theres moe siting houses then yours to host in

Lod. Well mine host *Yacob*, though our state be poore, Yet will we pay you iustly our compound: For me, my wife, and daughter, by the weeke, For dyet, lodging, and for laundry, So long as we shall host within your house, Fiue Gilders weekly I will answere you.

440

Yacob. Dat is for you, your frow, and your skone daughter, well, whea fall be tall for dis gack? dis shellam?

Bunch. I, ye shall find me a tall fellow if ye trie me But what is it ye talke of me?

Lod. He doth demaund who shall defray thy charge?

The weakest goeth to the wall.

For meat, and drinke, and lodging in his house.

Bunch Neither you nor he, let him take care for a large winding sheete to wrappe his fatte guts in: haue not I a trade? Yes good man Smelt, if ye haue any hose to heele, 450 breeches to mend, or buttons to set on, let mee haue your worke

Yacob Goots moorkne beest thou a Snyder? snip, snap, met te sheares.

Bunch. Speak reuerently of Taylers, or Ile haue ye by the eares.

Yacob. Yaw, yaw, tis good honest mans occupacion, good true mans liuing.

Bunch I fir, Ile liue by it, and neither charge this mans purse, nor run vpon your score, Ile get me a litle hole to put 460

Yacob. A knaues head in.

Bunch My head in, and fall to worke here, and in stead of parle buon francoys, learne to brall out butterbox, yaw, yaw, and yaune for beare like a Iacke daw.

Yacob. Heare me eance Ick heb a cleyue skuttell, a litle stall by mine huys dore, fall dat hebben for a skoppe.

Bunch. Hebben, hebben quoth a? what shall I hebben?

Lod A place to worke in *Yacob* offers thee,
Harke hither *Bunch*

He takes him aside and whispers

470

Yacob I Frow, hey, comt here:

He takes Oriana by the hand

You bene a skone Frow, a foot a lieffe: vp miner zeele, dat is, by my soule Ick loue you met my heart And you will loue mee, smouch mee, and bee my secreet vriend, de charle fall niet knowe, Ick will you gelt geuen, and you man fall niet betall, niet paid for your logies noe you meat: wat seg you?

Oriana. I say mine Host, that you are ill aduif'd,
To tempt the honour of a straungers wife:
Confider if your fortune were as ours,
In forraine place to rest ye for a time,

480

Would

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Would you your wife should be allur'd to sinne?

To breake her vow and to dishonour you?

Yacob. Swig, fwig, peace, Ick fall an aunder time talke
met you

Yacob whispers with Oriana

Lod No *Bunch*, by no meanes tell from whence we came,
Nor what enforced vs seeke a refuge here:

And though my want at instant be extreame,

Yet when the heauens shall better my estate,

Thy secrecie will I remunerate.

490

Bunch. Why what do ye think of me? a horfleece to suck
ye? or a trencherflie to blowe ye? or a vermine to spoile ye?
or a moath to eate through ye? no, I am *Barnabie Bunch*, the
Botcher, that nere spent any mans goods but my owne, Ile
labour for my meate, worke hard, fare hard, lie hard, for a li-
uing, Ile not charge ye a penney, Ile keep your counsell. And
ye shall commaund me to serue you, your wife, and your
daughter in the way of honestie, like honest *Barnabie*

500

Lod Gramercies honest friend.

Oriana No *Iacob* no,

Need cannot force, nor flatterie intreat

Yacob. Swig dan, nea meare, come fall vs in to eat?

Exeunt Yacob, Bunch, Oriana.

Lod. Euen when you please mine host: come daughter

Come, be of good comfort, heauen is where it was:

When fortunes storme a while our state hath tost,

A calmer gale may giue what we haue lost.

Dyana Assure ye fir, euen as I am your child,

510

Not discontent, but patience makes me mild,

If inward griefe externall ioy supplant,

It moanes not mine, but your vnwonted want.

Lod. Thou seeest how easily I endure the smart,

Because thy mother and thy selfe beare part:

Come let vs in, on him that knowes vs best

Lets fix our hope, and so in patience rest.

Exeunt.

Enter

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Enter Hernando de Medyna, and Don Vgo de Cordoua, with their souldiers Sc v

Her. It seemes that the Nobilitie of *Fraunce* 521
Are all a sleepe, that vnrefifted, thus
We diue into the entrailes of their Land :
Is there no haughtie chiuallier, no spirit
Heroick, dare so much as once demaund
Wherefore we come ? or offer vs the fight ?
Why then proceed we as we haue begunne
To take possession, not to conquer here :
What Citie call you this ?

Vgo. *Shamount* my Lord.

Her. Mount ? whither does it mount ? Ile make it lie 530
As leuell as her other fellowes do,
And though her loftie turrets touch the clouds,
Yet will I teach her like an humble handmaid,
To make a lowly curtsie to the ground :
Shamount shall stoope, *Medyna* saies the word.
But who are these ? Don *Vgo* question them.

Vgo. Of whence are you ? speake quickly, leaft my sword
Preuent your tongues by searching of your hearts

1. Great Prince of *Spaine*, we are th'inhabitants 540
Of this distressed Citie of *Shamount*

Her. Yet more of Mount ? shall I be haunted still
With eccho of *Shamount* ? how dare you flaues
Haue any such proud title in your mouthes ?
Shall stoupe I say, be that your Cities name,
For I will make it stoupe before I passe.

2. Thou dread Commaunder of the Spanish Force,
If not for our humilitie and praiers,
Yet for these presents which we bring to thee,
(A Cuppe of gold, and in the same containd,
Fiue thousand Markes) respect our naked walles, 550
Draw not thy sword against our yeelding soules,

But

The weakest goeth to the wall.

But passing by in peace, let this alone,
(This harmeles Citie mongst all other ruines)
Stand as a Trophey of thy clemencie.

Her Would you corrupt our valour with your coyne?
Or do you thinke the Spaniard is so poore,
A litle Gold can make him sell his honour?
No, were your streets through ston'd with Dyamonds,
And you should digge them vp to bring them hither: 560
Or were your houses in the stead of Slate,
Couerd with Siluer, and your selues prepard
To teare it off and giue it vs,
Nay were your walles of purest Chryfolyte,
And puld beside their bounds for our owne vse,
Yet would we scorne all this and ten times more,
For we count honour sweetnesse of dominion,
'Tis Lordship that we come for, and to rule,
More worth then millions, stoope and kis our feete,
Bring forth your daughters and your fairest wiues 570
To be our Concubines, waight you your selues
Vpon our trenchers, and like stable groomes,
Rubbe our horse heeles, and then perhaps wee le yeeld
That you shall liue, or so, but otherwise,
Looke for no pittie at *Medynaes* hand:
And for an instance, thus and thus I seale *He kills them.*
The couenant of my great comptrolling sprite,
And now amaine giue onfet to the towne.

Enter Mercurie and his men.

Mer. Firft insolent *Medyna*, here is one 580
Will trie how thou canst but end a man,
Before thou lay thy force vnto a wall.

Her. Now by mine honour welcome to the field,
Liues there a French man then dare trie with vs?
I thought you had bene Pigmeys all till now,
And durst not looke a Spaniard in the face,

The weakest goeth to the wall.

But now I see you are of taller shapcs,
How euer hearted that is yet vnknowne

Mer So hearted Spaniard, as we are resolu'd
To plague thee for thy damned crueltie.

590

Her. Talke then no longer, shew your Chiualrie.

*Alarum, they fight, Mercurie is wounded,
and put to flight.*

Her. Was this the worthy champion so resolu'd,
To plague vs as he said? was this the man

Fraunce had pickt out, to take her quarell vp?
Now sure a trustie wight, when hands serue not,
He knowes the way to take him to his heeles:

Yet is it good that we did meete with him
Be it but for this, to keepe our hands in vre,
And breath our pursie bodies, which I feare,
Would haue growne stiffe for want of exercise
But now no more, enter the Citie gates,
And therein boldly euery one deuise,
How he can Lord it in the French mens eyes.

600

Exit

Enter Emanuell, with Leontius.

Sc. vi

Ema. Could I resolue my selfe sufficiently,
He should not stay one houre in my Court,
But I haue noted in her from her birth,
A straunge ennated kind of curtesie,
An affable, inclining lenitie,
With such a virgine meeknesse to regard,
As may abuse, a wise and grounded censure,
In iudging of affection, and of honour.

610

Leon. Pardon me gracious Lord, I speake it not
In any sort to wrong your Princely daughter,
Or to impeach your iudgement any wise
In your opinion of the Gentleman,
But as a iust and honest subiect should,

620

In

The weakeſt goeth to the wall.

In matters that concerne my truſt ſo much

Ema. Nor as I am a Prince I thinke thou doeſt,
Phaue ſo good aſſurance of thy loue,
Which may I truſt, induce thee to reſolue me,
From what conceit proceeds thy ſtrong ſurmife.

Leon. This other day, for hunting of the ſtagge,
Attending faire *Odilia* to the Forreſt,
When as the hounds had rowl'd the trembling deare,
And euery man ſpurd hardvnto the crie,
Riding along, a goodly Couert ſide:

630

The company all ſtragling here and there,
Onely the Princeſſe, and young *Ferdynand*,
Curbing their ſteeds in with their ſilken raynes,
Into a Groaue road ſecretly together,
Thrice did I ſee him kiſſe her ſnowy hand,
And with three humble Curſies bowd his head,
Downe to the ſtirrope of *Odilia*,
Then did I ſee him whiſper in her eare,
When with her Fanne ſhe wonne the wanton wind
To coole his face as they road gently on.

640

Then came they to a litle perling Brooke,
Whereas they pauſ'd, as it ſhould ſeeme to heare
The birds ſweete muſicke, to the bubling ſtreame.
Then did I ſee him liſt his eyes towards hers,
Taking her gloue which lay vpon her lappe,
A thouſand times did reuerence to the ſame,
And in his Bauldrick wrapt it choiſly vp,
When as ſhe pluckt a bloomed Lymon braunch,
With her white hand out of her Coronet,
And with her fingers twind it in his lock
And ſmild: and bowd her head into his boſome.
And thus with gentle parlance both together
They paced on, vnto the flowry lawne.

650

Ema. If this be not ſurmiz'd which thou report'ſt,
It ſhould be ſigne of ſome affection.

Leon. Ile not enforce it on your excellence

By

The weakest goeth to the wall.

By circumstance: but onely this I saw.

Em. Wheres *Ferdynando* ? saw you him of late ?

Leon Lord *Stroff*y, and your daughter be at chefts,
And they saw him, but euen very now.

660

Em. Goe call them hither presently to me

Leon I trust you will not vrge me in the matter.

Em. Go too, I will not.

Exit Leontius.

How now ? a villaine that I found by chance,
To court my onely daughter and my heire :
And hauing thus reuiu'd him by my fauours,
Will the vile viper sting me for my loue ?

Enter Frederick, Ferdinando kneeles.

Em Sirrha come hither, didst thou neuer heare
How first I found thee, being but a child :
Hid in the segges fast by a Riuer side,
As it should seeme of purpose to be lost
Being so yoong, that thou hadst not the sence
To tell thy name, or of what place thou wast ?

670

Fre. I haue heard your Lordship often so report it.

Em. Did thy adúltrous parents cast thee off
As it should seeme, ashamed of thy birth ?
And haue I made a nurserie of my Court
To foster thee, and growne to what thou art,
Enrich thee with my fauours euery where ?
That from the loathsome mud from whence thou camest,
Thou art so bold out of thy buzzards nest,
To gaze vpon the funne of her perfections ?
Is there no bewtie that can please your eye,
But the diuine and splendant excellence
Of my beloued deare *Odillia* ?

680

How darést thou but with trembling and with feare
Looke vp toward the heauen of her hie grace ?
And euen astonisht with the admiration,
Let fall the gaudye plumens of thy proud heart ?
Dare any wretch so vile and so obfcure,

690

Attempt

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Attempt the honour of so great a Princeſſe ?

Fre. Heare me my Lord.

Odilia. Nay heare me Princely father,
For what you ſpeake to him concernes me moſt.
Neuer did he attempt to wrong mine honour,
Nor did his tongue ere vtter yet one accent,
But what a virgins eare might ſafely heare.
I neuer ſaw him exerciſe himſelfe

700

In any place where I my ſelfe was preſent,
But with ſuch a gracefull modeſt baſhfulneſſe,
As well beſeemed both his youth and dutie.

I neuer ſaw him yet preſume my preſence
But with a lowe ſubiected reuerence,

A browe as humble as humilitie :

And when I haue enforced him to ſpeake,
In any thing I had employd him in,
His words haue bene in ſuch an humble key,
As ſilence would haue told a ſecret in.

710

But if his ſeruice to me be ſuſpected,
Attending me to helpe me to my horſe,
Or bent my bowe when I haue ſhot a Deare,
Diſcourſe of Nations, playd at Mawe and Cheſſe :
Or led me by the arme when I had walk'd.
If this may breed ſuſpition of my loue,
I cannot keepe the tongue of Iealouſie.

Frede. When did I euer but approach the place
Where ſhe hath bene, but kneeling to the earth
As if the ground were holy where ſhe trod ?

720

When was I ſeene to gaze once in her glaſſe,
For feare the Chriſtall wherein ſhe beheld her,
Should tell my diſobedience to her eyes ?

When was I ſeene to ſmell but to a flower
To which the Princeſſe had but ſmelt before
As farre vnworthy that my ſence ſhould taſte
So rich an odour as had pleaſed hers ?

When was I ſeene to looke once in her face,

The weakest goeth to the wall.

But as a man beholding of the funne,
That cast his head downe dazled with his rayes. 730
I neuer nam'd that name, *Odillia* :
But with such worship, and such reuerence,
As to an Angell if he should appeare.
Her haue I lou'd for feare, and feard for loue,
For I adore diuine *Odillia*.

Em Frederick, thy humble and submissiue carriage,
Hath satisfied me fully at this time
And my *Odillia*, tak't not in ill part,
That too much loue breakes out into fuspition, 740
It is the fault of loue *Odillia*,
And hath his pardon as it doth offend :
Then come *Leontius*, you and Ile away,
Go backe *Odillia*, and attend your play.

Exit.

Fre Madam you see, that iealousie attends
Vpon the houres of our succesfull loue,
What is your princely pleasure with my seruice ?
I feare fuspition but too much espies,
I see that trees had eares, and bushes eyes.

Odil. Deare *Ferdynand*, provide then for our flight, 750
I regard nothing in respect of thee,
Onely be constant, and Ile goe with thee,
In all the wayes that fortune can direct
Goe get you hence, I will attend my sport,
Much is to do, and time is very short.

Enter Yacob, and Lodwick, Yacob hath a 8c. vii
long boord chalked.

Ya. Come, floux, betall, gelt *Lodwick*, gelt, ware bene de
Fraunce Crowne ? de Riex daler ? de Anglis skelling ? ha ?
pay pay, betall betall, keck dore *Lodwick*, see de creete de 760
chalke : eane, twea, dree, vier guildern for brant weene :
fifick guildern for roft for de eat : zeuen guildern for speck,
case, bouter and bankeate : keck, looke in dye burse
betall,

The weakest goeth to the wall.

betall shellam betall, Ick mought gelt heb come,
pay.

Lod. My gentle host haue patience but a while,
I will endeuour to come out of debt,
As speedily as God shall giue me meanes,
Forbearing neither lessons nor acquites
One groat of dutie, onely your good minde
Shall be approu'd for respiting a time

770

Yacob. Respit? rest diuell, godts cruse, my gelt Ick can
niet forbeare, niet suffer, niet spare mine gelt, a dowfand
diuells, Ick mought de Brewer, de Baker, de Butcher
betall, so heb ye niet gelt, giue me a pawne, eane gage:
oh haere dat his Frow mought met my blieuen for de
debt.

Lod. *Yacob*, alas thou seeest what wealth I haue,
Apparell, Iewels, Plate, and Gold I lacke,
Fortune hath wrackt me on extremitie,
For all my riches are within thy house.
My vertuous wife and daughter are my treasure,
Which aboue all worlds wealth beside I measure.

780

Yacob. Godts Sacrament harma charle begger, a wench,
loupe dye selue, ye fall niet slape eane nought mare in
mine huys, geue me dy Frow and dye Meskyn, wyeffe and
doughter to pledge for my gelt, for Ick weat well, dow wilt
redeeme and raunsome dem twea: loupe doo shellam and
nempt de gelt and coine, here and buy out dy wife and
kinde, dy skone daughter.

790

Lod. Alas what comfort is there left for me
If those deare Iewels be empaund to thee?
My wife and daughter? *Yacob* chaunge thy mind,
Diuide vs not, ô be not so vnkind

Yacob. Godts hannykin, vnkind? But Boore geue
mee gelt or pawne, or Ick fall dee in de vanga port star-
uen.

Lod. No remedie? well, call my wife and daughter,

The weakest goeth to the wall.

If they consent to be engag'd to thee,
Ile leaue them, else, thou shalt imprison me 800

Yacob. Ha, godks toffie mought Icke de skone Fro'w
his wieff here hold, Ick begare niet cost niet ziluer niet
gold

Enter Oriana, Dyana, and Bunch

Dore she comen, dore, dore, all so clare, wyet and zoole, as
de zunne, wellicome zoota lieff, hey couragee mine wan,
alls ge done.

Lodwick looks sadly, Yacob merrily.

Oriana What Planets opposition haue we heare,
That makes a storme in sunshine, heate in frost? 810
The heauens are clouded, droffie earth is cleare,
My husband frownes, but frolicke is mine host,
O fire and Ice, O feare and doubt together,
What enuious starre directs my comming hither?

Lod. No heauier starre nor more maleuolent
Needs *Lodwick*, then this Flemish excrement
Deare *Oriana*, thou dost know our state
Cast downe, spurnd, skornd by fortune, and by fate,
Yet neuer grieffe so nearely galls my hart,
As when I thinke that thou and I must part. 820

Or. Why must we part?

Lod. Aske *Iacob*, he can tell.

Ya. Well meyster, well yffrow, Ick mought de gelt heb,
ye man hebt niet to betall, he fall niet langer in my huys
bliuen, keck see dore de skore Ick will him trust nea mare
Ick mought eane gage, eane pawnd heb dat must you selua
bene, and you skone daughter by godth moorky he fall to
prison to de vanga port els

Lod. Well, then I must perswade her patience,
To be thy pawne, thy prisoner in mine absence. 830

Bunch. What? how pawne? how prisoner? for what? for
the skore? a pox on that chalke, its an easier matter to chalk
a pound, then to get a penney to pay it: you shall not goe,
nor she shall not lie to gage for a litle money: let me see
how

The weakest goeth to the wall.

how much is it? what be these Guilderns?

Lodwick whispers with Oriana and Dyana.

Ya Yaw eleck eane a Guilder

Bunch. Fiftie, and foure, and feuen, is fiue and fortie, masse I haue but twentie Stiuers toward it, thats all I haue fau'd since I came here to *Newkerk*. This *Flaunders* is too 840 thriftie a countrey, for here the women will heele their husbands hose themselves: faith if your skore had bene but a score of Stiuers, I meane I would haue paid it, cleard the chalke cleane.

Yacob Swegen and drinkin *Bunch*, de skone Frow and se daughter fall be mien pawne, mien gage, me de Frow, dow de Meskyn

Bunch Ha, fay you so? no Butterbox, Ile set a spoake in your cart: heare ye? this foule fat Smelt, tells me, that hee has smelt out a smocke commoditie for a pawne, that is to 850 haue your wife and daughter to gage: if ye be wife, make your bargaine that hee doo not vse your pawne, for though it will not be much the worse for the wearing, yet it is pittie it should be flubbered by such a cullien as *Yacob Smelt*

Lod. Prithee be quiet, *Yacob* I will leaue My dearest, most vnualued Iewels here:

Entreate them well as thou wilt answere me

At my returne, euen with thy dearest bloud,

If they miscarrie in thy custodie.

860

Friend *Bunch* farewell, be kind vnto these twaine,

And if I liue Ile recompence thy paine

Bunch Faith as kind as Cockburne, Ile breake my heart to do them good. But whither will you goe?

Lod. I know not yet, where fortune shall direct, Leaue vs a while to take a sad farewell:

That done, I part, and they shall stay with you

Yacob. Wel, wel, hah mien skone friester, mien lieff, dow fall met mie bliuen, and di mannykin a weigh lope, heigh loustick

870

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Bunch. Gep, wihi, see how the slouenly Smelt leapes; I thinke you could be content to be rid of this beere, flye, this bacon fac'd Butterbox a while

Lod Indeed I could.

Bunch Indeed and you shall, *Yacob* I haue newes for ye, passing profitable pleasureable newes: theres a tunne of English stark beere, new come to *Newkerk* this day, at two Stiuers a stope, come Ile giue thee a stope or two.

Yacob Gramercies *Bunch*, braue *Bunch*, mien lieuer brooer, Anglis beere ? oh heare tosti godts towfand a weigh gane ? 880

Bunch Goe, well parting in a morning is past remedie at midnight, God bee with ye sir, I could weepe, but my teares will not pleasure ye, if I see ye no more till I see ye agen, god ha ye in his kitchen As for you two I shall see you left in pledge till I haue drunke to you, and you pledg'd me twentie times: once more adiew

Exeunt Yacob and Bunch.

Lod. Ah beastly brutall, baser then the dung,

That hast no touch nor feeling of my want,

That such a drunken greasie slaue discards:

890

Ah *Oriana*, neuer till this houre

Did I confesse my want or miserie,

For but of thee, and my poore sweete *Dyana*,

I neuer made account that ought was mine,

But poorer now then pouertie it selfe,

Of all I had you onely were the best,

Now must I too, forgoe you with the rest.

Orz. Ah must we part ? why whither wilt thou goe ?

Ah my deare Lord, yet whil't we liu'd together,

With what content haue we endur'd our woe ?

900

Now like a sea-toft Nauie in a storme,

Must we be seuer'd vnto diuers shores ?

O that the poorest beggars that do breath

Should yet haue that which is deni'd to vs,

But to haue partners in their miserie.

Dya. Good

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Dya. Good father since our fortune is to beg,
Let me become the beggar for you both:

What shall become of me, if you do leaue me?
Many will giue me bread if I do aske,
But there is none that can giue me a father

910

Lod. Ah my poore wench, if I should stay with you,
This gripple miser, this vnciuill wretch,
Will for this litle that I am indebted,
Vnchristianly imprison you and me,
Where we shall surely perish then for want
But I will crosse the narrow seas for England
To London: where ere long I make no doubt,
To get so much, as shall redeeme you hence,
And shall redeeme this poore estate of ours,
Till fairer fortune hap to shew her head.

920

Oria. Farewell, farewell: now all my ioy doth goe,
Goe you alone, while we alone with woe.

Dya. Farewell deare father.

Lod. My sweete gerle adiew,
He blesse vs all, that keepes both me and you

Exit Lodwick.

Enter Yacob and Bunch to Oriana and Dyana

Ya. Com't here *Bunch*, dow beest eane right shapt charle:
O de stark Anglis beere; whore zijne, whoare zijne dief-
frow and de skone daughter? keck dore *Bunch*, nempt de
meskyn, Ick fall de moore hebben: come *Oriana*, ou beene
miene gage vor gelt, mijen luer loue, mijen zooterkyn

930

Bunch. Your footerkyn? your drunken skin, mistresse
how do ye? is your husband gone? why be of good cheare,
heres a bunch of botchers left to comfort ye, take all in my
purse, spend all that I get, and command my worke to helpe
ye out of debt.

Ori. Thankes gentle friend, but how shall I requite it?

Bunch. Tush, talk not of quittance, Ile liue by a pittance,
vnlne my purse, and vse my person, and for my limmes take
the best in the bunch.

940

Ya. Godts

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Ya Godts sacremente *Bunch*, fweg, fweg, come yffrow dye man is away gane, lat ource be frolicke, lustick, heigh speell zing and daunce *Ick loue mijne Lyuerkin heye, Ick basse mijne zoota lieffe ho : ick mot niet slape, niet drenk zane itopeme-doont mijne Iolickaa froe, hey lustick.*

Dya Wilt please ye mother, leaue this barbarous beast, And take you to your chamber?

Oria. I my child.

Be going out

950

Bunch. Ile tell thee Smelt, thou shouldst be a Codhead thou art so rude : I am of the house of the Bunches, a bunch of keyes will gingle, a bunch of lathes will ring, a bunch of rootes are windie meate, and a bunch of garlick will make ye sweate, yet I keepe no stirre.

Ya. Shellam ick be gare niet dyffroes bene gan.

Bunch. Then let vs followe, wee shall ouertake them anon.

Enter Lodwick fainting

Sc. viii

Lod, Imperious fortune when thou dost begin
To shew thine anger, how implacable
And how remorcelesse are thy bitter checks?
To losse of honour, daunger of my life :
To the endaungering of my life, thou addest
A seperation twixt my wife and me.
To that, base pouertie : to that, contempt :
And now thou tak'st from me my strength of limmes,
Infeebling me for lack of sustenance.
All this thou giu'st me of thine owne accord,
One thing let me intreat thee to restore,
Which with my teares I beg, though thou would'st send
Death, to fill vp the measure of thy spight :
That it may be sufficient thou hast forc't
My heart to sigh, my hands to beate my breast,
My feete to trauell, and my eyes to weepe,
Inioyne not now my tongue to aske an almes,
But thou art deafe, and I must either begge

961

970

Or

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Or sterue for foode to comfort me withall,
And loe in happie time here commeth one.

*Enter Sir Nicholas reading very earnestly
on a Letter*

980

Where I may make a tryall of my skill,
A man it seemes belonging to the Church,
I haue some knowledge in the Latine tongue,
Perhaps for that heele sooner pittie me.

*Siste gressus quæso reuerende Pater
Et oculos flecte tuos in miserum,
Respice spretum respice precor egenum.*

Sir Ni Whats this?

Lod *Oh miserere paupertatis meæ,*

990

Respice spretum respice precor egenum

Sir Ni It seemes that thou art needie, and wouldst beg
An almes of me, is that thy meaning, speake?

Lod. Ita domine ita, nam vehementer.

Sir Ni Tut a figges end, vehementer quotha?

Theres a word indeed to begge withall:

It is inough to bring thee to the stocks.

This is no Vniuersitie, nor Schoole,

But a poore Village: and I promise thee,

I neuer could abide this Romish tongue.

1000

Tis harsh, tis harsh, and we, I tell thee true,

Do eate and drinke in our plaine mother phraze:

If thou doest want, and wouldst haue part with vs,

Then do as we do, like an honest man,

Shew thy true meaning in familiar termes

Lod. I am good sir, if please you, much distrest,
Hauing nor money, friends, nor meate to eate:

If it may stand with your humanitie

To giue me some reliefe, Ile pray for you,

And whilst I liue be thankfull for the same.

1010

S. Ni Why so, now I vnderstand thy meaning,
Is not this better farre then respice

The weakest goeth to the wall.

And precor, and such Inkehorne tearmes,
As are intollerable in a Common-wealth ?
Coniurers do vse them, and thou know'st
That they are held flat Fellons by the law.
Be sure thou mightst haue beg'd till thou were hoarse,
And talkt vntill thy tougue had had the crampe,
Before thou wouldst haue bene regarded once.
It is not good to be phantastically,

1020

Or scrupulous in such a case as this
But to the purpose, thou art poore thou say'st ?

Lod. Exceeding poore, poorer then *Irus*,
He did enioy the quiet of the minde,
Although his body were expos'd to want:
But I in body and in minde am vext.

Sir Nz. I feare by keeping riotous company
Or some such misdemeanour ?

Lod. Then I wish,
That God may turn your hart from pittying me.

1030

Sir Nz. Well, thou sayst well, thou hast an honest face,
And art beside, a pretie handsome fellowe:
Me thinkes thou couldst not want a seruice long,
If thou wouldst be contented to take paines.

Lod. Oh sir, the world is grown so ful of doubts,
Or rather so confounded with selfe-loue,
As if a poore man beg, they straight cōdemne him,
And say, he is an idle vagabound:

Or if he aske a seruice, or to worke,
They straightway are suspicious of his truth:

1040

So that howeuer, they will find excuse,
That he shall still continue miserable.
And tis as common as tis true withall,
The weakest euer goe vnto the wall.

Sir Nz. By my faith thou sayst true, the more is the pittie.

Lod. But if you will vouchsafe, because my state
Is very bare, and I am here vnknowne,
To be a meanes to helpe me to some place,

Where

The weakest goeth to the wall. :

Where I may ferue: my paines I do not doubt,
Shall proue my pouertie no counterfeit
Sir Ni. Faith I must tell thee, I haue litle coine,
My Benefice doth bring me in no more
But what will hold bare buckle & thōg together,
And now and then to play a game at bowles:
Or drinke a pot of Ale amongst good fellowes.
And for my Parishioners, they are husbandmen,
Nor do I know of any lacks a seruant.
But this, the Sexton of our Church is dead,
And we do lacke an honest painfull man,
Can make a graue, and keepe our Clock in frame,
And now and then to toule a passing bell:
If thou art willing so to be emploid,
I can befriend thee.

1050

1060

Lod. Oh withall my heart,
And thinke me treble happie by the office.
Sir Ni. Thy wages is not great, not much aboue
Two Crownes a quarter, but thy vailes wil helpe,
As first the making of a graue's a groate,
Then ringing of the bell at euery buriall,
Two pence a knell: which likewise is a groate.
And now and then the maisters of our Parish,
(As good man Flaile, & Bartholmew Pitchforke)
Will bid thee home to dine and sup with them.
Beside, thou hast a house to dwell in rent-free:
And for the liking that I haue in thee,
Thou shalt be somewhat better too for mee:
The grafing of a pigge within the Churchyard,
Or when I gather vp my Tithes, an egge,
A good hogges pudding, or a peece of souse:
What man tis? good fare in a countrey house,
Come follow me, Ile see thee plac't forthwith.

1070

1080

Lod. I thanke you sir, when all things run awry,
True labour must not be thought flauery.

Exeunt.

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Enter Frederick and Odillia.

Sc ix

Fre If you be able to endure the way
Till we haue passed *Brabant*, we will on :
But Madam, if you hardly brooke your trauell,
Wee'll take the right hand way into the Forrest,
Where we will shrowd vs secretly till night

1090

Odillia Let vs not stay neare to my fathers Court,
Not for a world I would not hazard thee,
No world could saue if taken thou shouldst bee,
Me thinkes tis long before the funne arise.

Fre. A it is long *Odillia* of thine eyes,
Who slumbring still, imagines it is night,
And that the shining is his sisters light.

Odil. No, tis the Moone, sweete *Ferdynand* I see,
Keepes backe her brother still to looke on thee

Fre I maruell not poore light if she decline,
When my *Odillia* doth so early shine

1100

Odil. Come, come, sweete loue, O I am full of feare,
Bee I the Moone, thine arme must be my spheare.

Fre. O were I heauen, thou euer should'st shine there

Exeunt

Enter Emanuell and Shamont.

Sc. 1

Ema. O miserie, why didst thou baite my fall
With these descending shadowes of my good ?

Sha. My Lord, nere stand vpon these vaine exclames,
But by pursute, seeke to redresse your wrongs,
Tis speedy expedition must recouer,
What light beleefe, and oversight hath lost.

1110

Ema. Horses I say, let horses be sent forth,
No Christian Prince that treads on *Europes* mold,
I thinke that will so farre engage his honour,
As entertaine this damned fugitiue.

Horses I say, spurre, spurre, through euery coast,
Put on the wings of speedy expedition,
In the pursuite of my *Odillia* :

Deaffen

The weakeſt goeth to the wall.

Deaſſen the very aire with your exclaymes,
And fill each Prouince with the ceaſleſſe brute,
Ring out this famous wrong in your purſuite.

1120

Sha. Come, come, my Lord, inceſſant ſpeed muſt poſt,
Words cannot get what you haue vainely loſt

Enter Yacob, Oriana, and Dyana.

Sc. xi

Ya. Oh here godt, mijne lifekin, whare will ye from mee
ganne?

Ori. Farewell mine hoſt, we are for England bound,
Out of your debt, for you are ſatiſfied.

Ya Yaw, yaw, ye heb well betalld

1130

Ori So leaue I you to ſeeke my husband out,
Whom your vnciuill vſage forced hence,
Your imperfections (*Yacob*) are extreame,
Exceſſe in diet, kindled fire of luſt,
The ſmoake whereof vnkindly chaſt away
My louing husband, whom I muſt purſue.
We owe ye nothing, not ſo much as loue,
Since for your luſt you haue abuſde vs all,
We haue not falne, thogh want did wraſtle hard :
Our fingers ends our honours haue fuſtained,
Flaunders farewell, yrkſome without my Lord,
And *Newkerke* for his ſake be thou abhord.

1140

Ya. Hore ye well yffrow? ken ye whare to find you man?

Ori. I truſt at London.

Dya. Mother, pleaſe you goe?

The ayre's infected where this glutton breathes,
That makes vs Pilgrimes without deuotion.
Amend thy maners, or let all reſuſe
To hoſt with thee, that wouldſt thy gueſſe abuſe.

Exit Orian, and Dyana. manet Yacob. 1150

Ya. Adiew skone meſkyn, adiew zoot frow,
Ick will mijne ſelue ſtaruen vp de galligo bobbintow,
Ick fall be dode ſlone met diſ meager loue.

Enter Bunch.

Sweg *Yacob* ſweg, here comt *Bunch* dat boue

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Bun. Now mine Hofte rob pot, emptie kan, Beere fucker, Gudgen, Smelt I fhould fay, haue the women paide ye?

Yacob Yaw, yaw, all to mall

Bunch. All to mall, drunken Cannyball, and where be they I pray ye?

Ya. A *Bunch*, *Bunch*, deye bene aweigh lop't, Deye will niet langer met mijne bliuen

Bunch. Bliuen ye blockhead? no, thou art fuch a drunken Goate, that the diuel will not dwell with thee, except he be in thy coate

And whither are they gone Beere Barrell?

Ya Ick weat not, for *Englant*, for *Loundres* they fegt.

Bun. How? for *England*? for *London*?

O Saint Katherns Docke,

1170

And leaue me behind them?

Yacob doeft thou not mocke?

Ya. Niet for ware.

Bunch For *Ware* drunkard? thou faidft for *London* euen now.

Ya. Yaw for *Loundres*, tis ware, tis true.

Bun Then gentle Swilboll, Ile bid *Flaunders* adieu.

O pittileffe parcelles of womens flefh, that knew *London* is my Country, and for all my good will would not call me to their Company: Well, *Bunch* will not banne them, nor yet follow them, nor yet tarry heere: but take vp my tooles, my preffing Iron & Sheeres, my Needle & Thimble, and backe againe for *Fraunce*, to learne more wee, and wee daw, and fo farewell *Yacob* with your great maw.

A dieu mine hofst lick-fpigot, at the figne of the flipper, When you meet with the Cat, for my fake whip her (leuen,

Ya. Ha *Bunch*, mijen hart is gebroke, ick mought niet lang Come met me, at parting, ick fall de twea ftopes van Bere

Exeunt. (geuen.

Enter Ferd and Odillia.

. Sc. xii

Ferd. Thus farre (sweet Lady) fafely are we fcap't,

And

The weakest goeth to the wall.

And hardly shall they ouertake vs now,

1192

Though euery way pursuite do follow vs

Be cheerfull then *Odilia*, Loue is guide

Who sweares that Fortune shall vs not diuide

Odilia. Deare *Ferdinand* I neither feare nor doubt,

Perrill is but a Bugbeare for a childe,

My heart is firme, and fortified with loue,

Witnesse this desperate tender of mine honour

Into thy hands, which thou hast yet preferu'd

1200

Fer. And will preferue it whilst I draw this breath,

And bring it facred to our nuptiall bed

Odil. Then *Ferdinand* belike ye meane to wed ?

Fer. Meane not you so ?

Odil Yes, but with whom ?

Fer. Madame I trust with mee.

Odil. Well maist thou trust, Ile marry none but thee

I know thy bringing vp, though not thy birth,

Thou art deriu'd from *Adam*, form'd of earth :

From that first Parent all descended are,

1210

Then who begat or bare thee that's not my care.

Thou stolst my heart, I stole with thee thus farre,

Loue wrought our ioy, lack shall not make vs iarre.

Fer. O happie accents of a heavenly tongue.

Odil Lets iourney on, we tarry here too long.

Enter Bunch

Alas who is this ?

Bunch. Faith one that will do ye no wrong.

Fer Peazant thou canst not.

Bun No sir ye are deceiu'd, I am no Peazant, I am *Bunch* 1220
the Botcher : Peazants be plowmen, I am an Artificiall.

Odil. Simple and pleasant this poore fellow seemes,

Question him further *Ferdinand*

Fer. I will : My friend where are wee ?

Bunch Cannot you tell ?

Ferd No.

Bunch.

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Bunch Then ye ha no wit, are not we heare I pray you?

Fer. We are here indeed, but say what countrey's this?

Bunch. Nay ye ask'd me not that before,

Nor I cannot tell ye it now

1230

Odil. Whither goe you my friend?

Bunch 'Tis true indeed your friend, and *Barnabie Bunch*,
I am going to *Fraunce*.

Fer. And can ye speake French?

Bunch. I fir I would be forie else.

Enter Lodwick like a Sexton.

Fer. *D'ou venez vous?*

Bunch. I neuer learnd so farre, I cannot tell ye that, I am
but a straunger in the country: here comes one perchance
can tell ye.

1240

Fer. I pray you fir what territorie's this?

Lod. Part of the base countrey of *Fraunce* it is,
The Village name is *Ards* in *Picardy*.

Fer. What entertainment can the town afford
To trauellers?

Lod. Too meane for such as you.

Fer. Inhabit you this Village?

Ld. I forfoothe

Why gazest thou vpon me so my friend?

Bunch. By *Jacobs* staffe and *Iumballs* fiddle,

1250

Because Ile spose ye with a Riddle

Two hees, two shees, by night fled tuch,

And light vpon a hannykin Dutch.

Yacob builded a new kerke,

And with his chaulk writ such a quirke,

That wife and child were left alone,

The skore is paid, and they are gone.

Lod. Let this alone friend till an other time,

My skill is small in Riddles or in Rime,

Be silent *Bunch*, till we be rid of these.

1260

Close aside to Bunch.

Fer. You seeme a man belonging to the Church,

And

The weakest goeth to the wall.

And we haue Church-worke to be finished :

In plainest termes, we would be married,

Accomplish our desire for recompence

Lod I blush not at my calling Gentleman,

The Sextens place of *Ard's* I now professe,

If that faire damfell do consent with you,

Ile call the Viccar to conioyne ye straight

Odil. Call him good friend, for my consent is past.

1270

Bun Nay but call him quickly, for ye see shees in hast.

Lod. Maister, Sir *Nicholas*, heer's a commoditie,
A marriage that must quickly be dispatch'd

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Nicho. Gramercy Sexten, this was feately watch'd.
Welcome fresh Gallants to the Towne of *Ard's*.

A prettie couple, youthfull as the spring, sweete as is May
morning, doo you desire to be knit together ?

Ferd. In holy marriage (Sir) would we be ioynd.

Nich. In holy wedlocke Gentles, so I meane,
Ye are in the state of grace, Twinnes in affection,
Turtles in true loue, I know ye haue no Lycense,
And tis no matter ; holie matrimony shall passe my libertie
Without examining : youl pay mee ?

1280

Ferd I.

Nich. Come, Ile glue ye together by and by,
To the lawfull bed, to the lawfull bed :
Fie on this Fornication, this lasciuious lust :
And yet the flesh prickes my holy selfe now and then :
Come follow mee, Ile call some more witnesse,
And clap it vp presently.

1290

*Ex. Ferdinand, Odillia, and Nicholas. Manent
Lod. and Bunch, who haue whispered.*

Lod. But are my wife and daughter gone indeed

The weakest goeth to the wall.

For *London*? and haue paide the debt we ought?

Bunch. By my sheeres, (and thats a shauing oath)
They are gone for *London*, they haue paide *Yacob*:
But they shall loose their labour,
Because you are not in *England*

Lod. But I will fend, or I will soone be there, 1300
I must not liue diuided from my ioy.

Bunch. And yet I thinke you liue well
By this Science of Sextenship:
Lord, do not you pray that the pippe may catch the people,
That you may earne many groats for making graues?
Your Church-wardens finde bell-ropes,
And you hands to shake them

Lod. Th'art a mad fellow, but how knewst thou mee,
In this disguise?

Bunch. Tut well ynough: But harke the Viccar calls. 1310

Lod. Come *Bunch*, weell finde more time to talke anon.

Exeunt

Enter Hernando, Don Hugo and Mercury disguisde, Sc. xiii
in priuate conference with Hernando, with
Souldiours.

Her. I like thy words, and though I recke not much
The death of any priuate man in *France*,
Because in multitudes consists our glory:
Yet to make knowne how we do cherish such
As will in any fort reuolt to vs, 1320
Kill *Epernourne* as thou hast vndertane,
And thy reward shall be a Tunne of gold

Mer. *Hernando* I will do it, not so much
For mony, as for zeale I beare to *Spaine*,
Though I confesse the principall reason
That vrgeth me being a French man borne,
So to forget the loue my Country claimes,

The weakeſt goeth to the wall.

Is the vnſufferable wrongs I beare,
The wrongs that *Eperuncune* hath done to mee,
And in that point I hold it no diſgrace
To malice him, that firſt diſhonour'd mee

1330

Her. Why true, thy reaſon is ſubſtantiall
For ſay a Father do forget to ſhewe
The loue by nature he doth owe his ſonne,
In my opinion tis no finne at all,
If ſuch a ſonne caſt off the awfull dutie
Which to his Father otherwiſe were due
In all things iuſt proportion muſt be kept.
If the king care not for the Common-wealth,
Why ſhould the Common-wealth reſpect the king?
But to the purpoſe: how wilt thou contriue
The manner of his death?

1340

Mer Why as I told your grace
In this daies parley twixt the French and you,
Whilſt you are buſie, ile inſert my ſelfe
Amongſt the ſouldiers of that aged Earle,
And gathering neere his perſon, ſuddenly
Thus ſend my poyniard to his hatefull breſt.

Stay his arme.

Hugo What didſt thou meane to wound our Generall? 1350

Her. Silence *Don Ugo*, no ſuch matter man,
He is a villaine, and wee le vſe him ſo.

Mer I am indifferent, had I ſpilt his bloud,
It was my comming: but preuented thus:
Now *Epernounge* ſhall be the marke I aime at;
For one I vow, though to haue ſlaine them both
Had bene exceeding good: how now my Lord?
Miſconſter not, I meant your grace no hurt,
Though mine inkindled fury when I thought
Of *Epernounge*, made me draw forth my ponyard,
It was to ſhewe how reſolute I am.

1360

Her. I know it was, found we parley then,

The weakest goeth to the wall.

That *Epernouve* may know we are in place,
Where conference was appointed to be had:
And as they march, fall thou in ring with them.

*Enter Epernouve carried in his Chaire, and
souldiers marching.*

Now Cripple what your legges refuse to doo,
I know your hands will presently performe.
I meane, deliuer me the Crowne of *France*

1370

Eper. Raife me a litle, fellowes in my chaire,
Hernando, what saidst thou? deliuer thee
The Crowne of *France*? why stragling Spaniard
What makes thee ouerweene thy valour so?
Thinkes thou because I seeme a witherd tree
That I am saplesse quite? no Duke, there liues
Within this riueld flint some sparkes of fire,
Which if thou touch, will flie into thy face.

Nor do not thou contemne me for mine age,
This eye is not so dimme, but I perceiue

1380

The markes of arrogance vpon thy browe:
I, and for frowne, I can returne thee frowne.
What glory not so much vpon thy strength,
The day hath bene this body which thou seest
Now falling to the earth, but for these proppes
Hath made as tall a souldier as your selfe
Totter within his faddles: and this hand
Now shaking with the palsie, caske the beuer
Of my proud Foe, vntill he did forget
What ground he stood vpon: go too, go too,
The Crowne of *France* deliuerd to thy hand?
Good King, how is thy dignitie blasphemde?
But do thy worst, I am his Substitute,
And though I cannot strike, yet with a becke
Can I raife vp more fifts about thine eares
Than thou hast haire vpon thy tawny scalpe.

1390

Her.

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Her. Am I reuilde and bafled to my face,
And by a Dotard[?] one but for his tongue,
In whom there is no difference twixt himfelfe,
A meere Anothomie, a Iack of lent,
And the pale Image of a bloudlefle ghoaft?
Yet doth he looke as big as *Hercules*,
And would be thought to haue a voice like thunder.
Well *Epernounge*, there is a priuiledge
That babes may fpeake their pleafure without check,
Elfe quickly fhould my fword breake off this parlie,
And with a fillip fend thee to thy graue

1400

Eper. Calleft a me backe[?] it neuer fhall be faid,
But *Epernounge* will fhew himfelfe a man,
And whil't the breath is in his nofthrills, proue
A reall fubftance, and maintaine the right
Of *Lewis* of *Fraunce*, euen by the dint of fword:
Lend me your hands, Ile challenge him the fight.
Twit me with babe[?] lend me your hands I fay.

1410

1. *Sol.* Ah good my Lord prefume not, you are weake

Eper. Weake knaue[?] thou lieft.

Her. Get him a ftanding ftooke,
And then perhaps the child will learne to goe.

Eper. Yet child againe[?] alack it will not be,
My heart is good inough, but tirant age
Benummes thofe instruments with which my heart
Should execute the office of a Knight.

1420

Medyna thou mayeft thanke the rigorous hands
Of ftrength-decaying age: thefe legges of mine
Had they not proued rebels to my minde,
Ere this I would haue taught thee to vfurpe
Vpon our confines; but what they omit,
Here are both armes and legges to fee performd

1. *Sirrha* ftand back, know'ft thou what manners is?
To preffe fo neare the perfon of our Generall?

1430

Mer. I am a fouldier, wherefore may I not[?]

The weakest goeth to the wall.

1. Snall euery common fouldier at a time
When ferious matters are determind on,
Betwixt both Armies: impudently thrust
Into the secrets of his Prince? stand backe.

2 Lay hands vpon the villain, see within his fist,
A naked poyniard.

Eper. How now countreyemen,
What vnexpected mutinie is that?

Her. A plague vpon't, Don *Vgo* hees discouerd.

1440

1 Some treason as it seemes my noble Lord,
This base companion since you first began
To sit in parlie: hath at fundry times
Saucily presumde to vndermine your talke,
And being reprehended for the same,
We found this dagger hid within his fleeue

Eper Doubtlesse he meant to murder me,
Now God be thanked I haue scapt his hands

Her. Lift *Epernourne*, he is a man of mine,
Touch not a haire of him, least for that haire
I send a hundred thousand of your soules
To dwell in darknesse.

1450

Eper. How? a man of thine?
Vnlesse I be deceiu'd I know that face,
It is the Traitor *Mercury*, disguised.

Her. *Mercury* my foe? had I but known so much
I would haue made him sure inough ere this,
But *Epernourne*, marke what I say to thee,
If thou wilt redeliuer to my hands
That iugling Duke, as I am Gentleman
And true to *Spaine*, I will depart your land.

1460

Eper. Deliuer him? not for the wealth of *Spaine*.
Nor for the treasure you do yearely bagge
From both the Indies: but *Medyna* say,
What reason mou'd thee terme the Duke thy man?

The weakest goeth to the wall.

And wherefore didst thou mention redeliuerie,
As though sometime he had bene in thy hand?

Her Ile tell thee *Epernoune*, as I am Knight,
Not fweruing from the truth in any point,
And keeping faith accordingly reward
His traiterous purpose, which is all I craue.

1470

This morning he was brought vnto my Tent,
Where being admitted, openly he shewed
How he had bene disgrac't and wrongd by thee,
For which he promise, if I would consent
In this dayes parlie, he would murder thee.

I seeing his resolution, was perswaded:
And promising, I needs must say, reward,
Though I do know when he had done the deed,

1480

How I was minded to haue dealt with him,
He thrust himselfe amongst thy followers,
And what the perill is you see your selues,
But all this while I knew not who he was,
More then a priuate discontented person,
For if I had, the wretch had neuer liued
To be an ey-fore to his countrey men

1. Oh bloody practise, souldiers ioyne with me,
And we will teare him peece-meale with our hands.

All the rest Agreed: let him not liue a minute longer.

Eper. Pacifie your selues, not one of you

1490

On paine of our displeasure, once offer
To touch a limbe of him: Ingratefull Duke,
Wherein hath *Epernoune* deseru'd thy hate,
That thou shouldst basely seek to murder him?
But wherefore aske I that? when tis well knowne,
Thou didst as wrongfully pursue the life
Of noble *Lodwick*, that true Gentleman,
That very mappe of honourable cariage.
Amend, amend, be sory for thy fault,
That though thy body perish by the law,

1500

Thy

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Thy wretched soule may haue a place in heauen

Mer. Tell not me *Epernoune* of heauen nor hell,
I am a Peere, and Regent of this Realme,
And thus you ought not to entreat a Prince.

All Soul Thou Regent of the Realme^r speake that againe,
And we will slit thy weasand with our fwords.

Eper. Souldiers forbear

Her. Nay *Epernoune* shew iustice,
Vpon that caitiffe, that periured slaue,
That coward Duke, or here I do protest,
For euer I will speake in thy dispraise,
Reporting to the world thou art no Knight,
Nor worthy of the name of *Epernoune*.

1510

Eper. My Lord, I may not take vpon my selfe,
To be his iudge, he is a Peere of *Fraunce*,
And must haue open triall by his Peeres,
But when the King my maister doth returne,
As shortly we are told he meanes to doo,
At his discretion be his punishment.
Meane space *Medyna* I can do no more,
But see him safely kept in Iron bands.

1520

Her. Now that as thou art Knight, and for this day
I do proclaime a sollemne truce with thee,
And not a sword of ours shall hurt the French

Eper As I am Knight, and leadge-man to the King,
He shall be kept in fetters till he come.

Her. It is inough: now backe vnto our Tents.

Eper And we vnto the Citie whence we came,
And for our safetie, praise *Iehouas* name.

Exeunt.

1530

Enter

The weakest goeth to the wall.

*Enter Villiers the Merchant, with Oriana^d
and Diana.*

Sc. xiv

Oriana. How shall we gentle Sir requite the grace
Which in so great necessitie we finde
At your kind hands? but with our daily praiers,
Implore the heauens for your prosperitie?

Dia Which we will neuer cease to do, so long
As life remains in our distressed bodies.

Wil. These words are needlesse, what I do to you,
The dutie of a Christian bindes me too
Remember then the promise you haue made,
That if your husband liue not, whom your selues
Do verily imagine to be dead,
That then you are my wife.

1540

Oria That promise I wil keepe
Vnfeignedly, with hartie thanks to heauen,
That if my husband do not breathe this life,
My miserie yet sorts me at the last
A second choise, so louing and so kind.

Dia. And I right willingly shall call him Father,
That in such vertuous sort respects our need,
Without impeachment of our honest fame,
Debarring wicked lust to blot the same.

1550

Wil. When I do otherwise, then as befeemes
The reputation both of your selues and me,
Conuert your loue to me, to deadly hate,
And may all tongues condemne me with reproofe
Come in then, take possession of your owne,
My lands, my house, my goods and all is yours,
Only my sisters portion, which I haue,
Vpon our troth-plight vow of marriage,
(If so your husband liue not,) set apart
And ordred in a readinesse for her.

1560

Come louely mother, and thy vertuous childe,
When angry stormes are past, the heauens do smile. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinand, Odillia, and Lodowicke.

Sc. xv

Odil. Thus *Ferdinad* I see that we must part.

G

Ferd.

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Ferd. Our needie state enforceth it sweete heart.

Odil. Will you to *Fraunce*?

Ferd. To *Fraunce*.

1570

Odil. And to the warres?

Ferd. To my aduancement, war must be the meane,
I cannot digge, I haue no handy-craft:
Our coyne is spent, and yet I cannot craue,
And thought of want, your want doth wound my soule,
When I consider what you are

Odil. O peace.

What am I but the wife of *Ferdinand*,
By loue and faith vnto thy fortunes bound?
O let me follow thee to those French warres

1580

Ferd. O prize your honour and my credit more,
Were it conuenient, we would not diuide:
But as it is, I must goe, you must bide.

Odil. So sayes discretion, but true loue repines,
That want should feuer those whom he combines,
But pardon sweete, my speech is spent in vaine,
You must depart, when will ye come againe?

Ferd. Soone, if successe do answere my desire.

Odil. Youle write to mee?

Ferd. As oft as I can send

1590

Odil. Youle leaue me heere?

Ferd. With this assured friend,
Whose kindnesse in abundance we haue found

Lod. Alasse good fir, my meanes are weake ye know,
In sooth I am no richer then I shew:

Were wishes wealth, your want should be supplide,
And haue no power your persons to diuide.

For I protest, in all my life before,
I nere saw two whom I affected more

But this addes waight to mourners leaden grieve,
Words may bemoane, but cannot giue reliefe

1600

For part you must, extremitie to shunne,
In warres is wealth and honour to be wonne.

Odil. And fame, and death, and then am I vndonne

Lod. Why death dwells here, you see my daily trade, For

The weakest goeth to the wall.

For men of peace how many graues are made:
Your spowse with wealth and worship may returne,
And bring you ioy, that at his parting mourne.
Hope so, and hinder not his good intent,
That for his honour, and your welfare's meant
O that my cottage where ye must remaine,
Were (for your sake) the glorioust house in *Spaine*:
But as it is, your owne it is, and I
Your poore poore host will tend you carefully.
But I am tedious in perswasion,
And you foreflow the present times occasion.

1610

Odil. O do not mount him on the wings of hast
That goes too soone

Ferd Dearest, mine houre is past,
You gaue me leaue to goe, reuoke it not,
By lingring here theres no good fortune got.

1620

Odil. Youle weare my fauour?

Ferd Else let heauen hate me

Odil. Farewell sweete heart.

Ferd Deare Loue God comfort thee
Father, I leaue my Iewell in your hand. *Ferd. is going.*

Lod I will be carefull

Odil. Sweete heart, *Ferdinand.*

Ferd What sayes *Odillia*?

Odil. Nothing but God-buoy ye *Exit Ferdinand.* 1630

Lod. Such loth farewell my wife and daughter tooke:
God bleffe them both, and send vs well to meete.
Take comfort Lady, though this houre be sad,
His safe returne with wealth, may make you glad

*Enter Sir Nicholas and Bunch: Sir Nicholas
hath a Paper in his hand.*

Ni. Sexton, I haue fought thee in euery feate in the Church,
doubting thou hadst bin drowfie, and falne a sleep in some piue.

Bunch. Ile be sworne from the Chauncell to the Belfrey ye
haue fought him, and in the Steeple, for feare he had bene crept
into a Bell, and bene a sleepe: Lord how do you mistresse? fie,
why do you weepe?

5
The weakest goeth to the wall.

Ni. Faire Lady, let passe mourning for the absent; tis like for-
rowing for the dead: either Idolatrie or Hypocisie, I cannot tell
which: I could preach patience to ye, but your owne wit is-as
much as my learning: your husbands absence you must beare;
yea and beare him also; in minde I meane: there bee but three
things that saue vs or condemne vs: that is, thoughts, words, and
deeds: and you may haue comfort in all, and so be saued in them
all; your owne good thoughts a good comfort: your friends 1650
good words, a better comfort: and your husbands good deeds at
his returne, the best comfort Thus much for instruction Com-
maund my seruice day and night, to ride and runne to doo ye
good.

Odil. So M. Viccar, I am glad ye haue done

Ni. For this time and place I haue, because I haue somewhat
to say to my Sexton: here is a thing in writing (Sexton) that is
sent to be published through all the French Kings dominions
Read it, let me heare it, and then thou shalt know my minde.

Lodwick reads.

1660

To all Christians, and especially to the Kings Liedge-people,
Lord *Epernoune* and the rest of the French Nobilitie send greet-
ing: whereas the thrice noble, and renowned Prince *Lodowick*
Duke of *Bulloigne*, was by the Kings Maiestie (at his departure to
goe on his deuoted pilgrimage to the blessed Sepulchre) appoin-
ted Ioynt-guernour, Regent, and Protector of the Realme of
Fraunce: together with that pernicious Arch-traytor *Mercurie*,
Duke of *Anjou* during the Kings absence. And that the said no-
ble Duke of *Bulloigne* was by the trecherous, vniust, and vnlaw-
full Forces of the said *Mercury*, expulsed out of his Dukedome, 1670
Lands, Territories, and Reuenewes, and dispossessed of his place,
if not of his life. For as much as the said notorious malefactor
Mercurie, hath sithence proued himselfe an open enemy vnto
his natie Countrey and King. We haue thought good to pub-
lish and proclaime, that whosoever can bring true notice of the
safetie and life of the said Duke *Lodwick*, shall haue twentie
thousand Crownes. And he that doth present him aliue, shall
haue fiftie thousand Crownes To the end that the said most ho-
nourable vertuous Duke may be fully repossessed and restored

The weakeſt goeth to the wall.

to all his Lands, Liberties and places of authoritie in this Realme 1680
of *Fraunce*. Dated the laſt of May, &c. Subſcribed by *Eper-*
noune and other.

Ni. By my holy orders thou art as well worthy to be a Viccar
as my ſelfe, thou readeſt ſo well: I pre thee ſoone at Euenſong
read this to the Pariſhioners, I cannot be there, for I haue promi-
ſed to bowle a match with good fellowes this afternoone at
Guynes for a wager, wet and drie, vz. two gallons of *Gascoyne*
wine, and two French Crownes, I can ſtay no longer, I feare they
ſtay for mee.

Bunch By this light I neuer ſawe him make ſuch haſte into 1690
the Pulpit

Lod. Heare me one word good maiſter ere ye goe,
And graunt me one petition, which is ſhort
All theſe French Crownes dare I aſſure mine owne.
For I do know where that poore Duke remains,
And will preſent him to old *Epernoune*.
My ſute is, that youle take this honeſt *Bunch*
To be your Sexton whileſt I am away.

Ni. I am content, giue *Bunch* the Church-doore key,
Vpon condition thou wilt ſay
Euen-ſong to the Pariſh this afternoone,
And read that publication to them
Then go thy way to morrow if thou wilt:
Lord how time paſſes: In my conſcience I burne day-light,
Tis one a clocke at leaſt. Fare ye well, fare ye well,
I come yfaith lads, I come, though I come late,
I hope to lie as neare the Miſtreſſe as any of ye all.

Exit.

Bunch. Well, I ſee I ſhall haue your office, and I truſt youle
beſtow your ſpade and your pick-axe vpon mee, that I may 1710
grinde them ſharpe, to diſpatch a graue quickly. And I pray you
as ye trauell vp into high *Fraunce*, ſend the plague and the pox,
and as many diſeaſes as you can, downe into this Countrey to kil
the people, that I may get money for their graues making.

Lod. Heere take the key, and toll to Euening prayer,
Ile do my maiſters bidding ere I goe.

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Bunch. Sancti amen, God giue mee ioy and luck in mine office. Now boyes beware that ye wipe not your noses on your fleeces, for and ye do, off goes your arme with the Church doore key. And dogs keepe out of the Chauncell, ye shall smell of the whip else. And honest Prentices, if ye please me, Ile not ring the foure a clock Bell till it be past foue: an occupation and an office? now I see I shall thrive

Exit.

Odil And will you goe and leaue me here alone
My onely friend, now *Ferdinand is gone?*

Lod. Ask of your thoughts if they can counsell keep:
Which if vpon your honour you assure,
You shall pertake a secret very straunge

Odil. My faith and honour be engag'd for it

1730

Lod. Exterior shewes expresse not alwaies truth,
Nor do imaginations euer faile:
My Sextons case doth clowde Nobilitie
And (if opinion do not reason wrong)
Rich noble blood flowes through your pure cleare veins,
Which conceit drawes these secrets from my soule.

That fortunes scorne, that sorrow-tossed Duke

Lodwick of Bulloigne tells this tale to you

That can conceiue, conceale, and counsell mee

Say Lady, (for I know you are no lesse)

1740

Haue I not cause when Proclamation tells,

That *Lodwick* shall receiue redresse of wrongs?

To claime the due that thervnto belongs?

Odil. Great cause my Lord, and I to be content,

In this poore Coate to rest me patient,

Vntill my husband come or send for me

Lod. O had these tydings come ere he had gone,
Then he nor I had trauelled alone:

For Lady, I affirme it constantly,

I loue the Gentleman religiously,

1750

Which in my bettered fortunes he shall find,

And then to you I purpose to be kind:

Then what you are, speake freely your faire mind.

Odil.

3
The weakest goeth to the wall.

Odil. *Emanuel* Duke of *Brabant* calld me child, 'Till him for loue my *Ferdinand* beguild.

Lod. I faid and knew ye were no vulgar Dame,
For sparkes of honour will burst into flame :
Haplesse *Odillia*, but most fortunate,
Compar'd with my poore wiues and daughters state.

Odil. Where be those Ladies ? let me them attend.

1760

Lod. O knew I where, all grieve were at an end :
I heare, that London is their mansion place.

Odil. But shall they not be sent for by your grace ?

Lod. Not yet *Odillia*, first Ile visit *France* :
Where if good starres my state do readuance,
And graunt me power to free my natiue foyle,
From those that now her wealth and beautie spoyle :
I may with comfort then call home my Ioy,
Till then, their fight will but reuiue annoy

Odil. What can you prize so highly as their fight ?

1770

Lod. Women discern not mens affaires aright :
I prize mine honour, and my countreys good,
More than wife, children, or my proper blood
A Bell tolls within.

Harke the Bell tolls, the Sexton I must play
By promise once, to morrow Ile away.
Let me receiue some token at your hand,
That I may carrie vnto *Ferdinand* :
And this forget not, for a finall end,
To come to vs if we for you do send.

1780

Exeunt.

Enter Epernourne brought in, in his chayre
So from this place I shall behold the fight
Betwixt both Armies : now go one of you,
And with our Leaders presently giue charge,
The other stay with me : Oh might the fight
Of *Epernourne*, be like the noone-tide Sun,
With the reflection of his feeble eye,
To melt like waxe the courage of our foes,
And make the French men stiffe as Adamant :

Sc. xvi

1790

Then

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Then could my heart excuse mine idle hands,
That they beare not a part in this conflict.
But now defiance from each partie flies.

Sound Trumpet first.

*Enter Ferdinand pursuing Don Hugo,
cutting him soundly*

A valiant Gentleman what ere thou art,
And by mine honour very nobly fought:
I haue not seene in all my life before,
So young, a tender, and effeminate face,
Father such rough and manly fortitude,
How like a waightie hammer did his sword
Fall on the Spaniards shrinking burgonet?
That had he not betooke him to his heeles,
This houre had bene his latest houre of life.

1800

Alarum.

Enter Ferdinand againe, pursuing Don Hugo

What still in chace? he will not giue him ore
Till he hath slaine, or made him yeeld I see:
A right begotten cockrell of the game.
Whence may he come? as I remember me,
I neuer sawe him in our campe till now.
I prithee goe raunge, through our battaile rankes,
And when you ouertake him, gently craue
He will vouchsafe to come and speake with me.
My heart's enamour'd on his valourous deeds,
Spaniard, some more of such a haughtie breed,
Would make the stoutest of your hearts to bleed.

1810

Enter Ferdinand

And here he comes, faire bud of Chivalrie.
Welcome to *Epernouve*, giue me your hand,
I thanke you euen with all my very heart,
For this good seruice you haue done ro day.
Are you of *Fraunce* I pray you, or what place,
Is honour'd by your noble parentage?

1820

Fer. I am (my Lord) the Duke of *Brabants* subiect,
A younger brother, whose inheritance

Is

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Is litle more then what his sword shall purchase,
And for that cause, admonisht of these warres
Betweene the haughtie Spaniard and this Realme,
The noble *Burbon* gaue me entertaine.

1830

Eper. Are you his souldier? trust me for his sake,
I loue you better then I did before,
And for some confirmation of my loue,
Take this in earnest of a greater good.

Fer. I humbly thanke your Lordship, and will rest
A faithfull seruitor to *Fraunce* and you.

Eper. Nay stay a while, refresh your weary limbes,
A litle intermission will do well,

1840

Amidst these sweating gorboyles: holy roode
There runnes a thought into my labouring minde,
Which from my heart sends gladnesse to mine eyes.

Me thinkes the more I view this Gentleman,
The more he doth resemble *Bulloignes* Duke,
The vertuous *Lodwick* both for face and limbe,
When he and I were fellow-mates in armes,
Against the Turke, such deeds of hardiment,
Did *Lodwick* shew as he hath done this day.

Euen such a iesture had he when he talkt,
As milde and affable in time of peace,
As he was sterne and boistrous in the warres.

1850

All these apparant in this towardly youth,
Earle *Lodowicks* want doth wet my cheekes with ruth.

A shoute within, enter a Souldier.

What meanes this chearefull shoute?

Sol My Lord,
The battle of the Spaniards is disperst:
Beside, I bring to you this happie newes,
The worthy Duke of *Bulloigne* long desirde,
And much bewailed for his iniurie,
Liues and returnd about an houre since.

1860

At his first comming, armd in complete steele,
Chaleng'd the Duke *Medyna* at his Tent,
And there in single combat like himselfe,

H

And

6
The weakest goeth to the wall.

And like a father of his countreys weale,
Hath flaine that proude disturber of our peace:
For which the Souldiers as you heard my Lord,
Did fill the ayre with their applausiue shoutes:
Thronging about him in such clustering heapes,
To see his face and do him reuerence,
As scarce he hath free passage to this place.

1870

Eper. Oh that I had or legges, or wings to flie,
That I might quickly fatisfie mine eie
With sight of him whose companie's more worth
Then heapes of countlesse, and vnvalued Treasure.
But wher's the other Leader of that route,
Surnam'd *Don Ugo*, is he scape the field?

Sol This Gentleman before *Medyna* dyed,
Gaue him his passport to his longest home
But my good Lord, I almost had forgot
The latter part of my behouefull message.
There is a straunger Duke, of whence, my haste
Suffred me not to be instructed,
That likewise came with aide vnto our Campe,
And is well knowne vnto my Lord of *Bullogne*.

1880

Eper Now if I were inclosde within my graue,
I would as willingly forsake the world,
As wofull prisioners many yeares deteind
In darke obscuritie, could be content
To chaunge the dungeon for a publike walke.
But first let vs embrace our louing friend.

1890

Sol. Your honor may sit still, hees comming hither.

*Enter Lodwick, Emanuell Duke of Brabant
with souldiers.*

Eper. Right worthy Duke, whose victories euer shonne
Through cloudes of enuy, and disafter chaunge,
Make rich my bosome with imbalming thee,
And wherein ought my restraines my faltring tongue
Let vowes for words distinguish my content.
Welcome, oh welcome to vngouernd *Fraunce*,
Whose working garment of afflicting warre,

1900

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Is now cast off, and she hath gyrt her selfe
In peacefull robes of holiday attire
And you my Lord of *Brabant* as I thinke?

Bra Your friend Lord *Epernoune* in what he may.

Eper Welcome in sooth, your presence with the rest,
Hath made me happie, and my countrey blest.

Lod. These greetings reuerend Earle, exceed desert,
Had it bene *Lodwicks* fortune to haue donne
Ten times more seruice then this dayes exployt :
It might not be sufficient to redeeme
The lack of his endeouours all this while.

1910

But heauen and you I hope will pardon me,
Considering I was forc't from hence to fle

Eper. I and most wrongfully inforc't my Lord,
But he that was the author of that ill,
The traytrous Duke of *Aniou*, by iust heauens,
Now at your mercie stands, one fetch him forth,
And *Lodwick* repossessed in the place,
If that authoritie his highnesse gaue ;
Iudge and condemne according as you please.

1920

Lod. No, let him still be prisoner where he is,
Your wisdome hath discouerd his abuse,
And our dread Soueraigne shall determine it :
Were it my wrongs were greater then they are,
I will not be a factor for my selfe.

Now, what is he my Lord of all this traine,
By whom our other enemy was slaine?

Don Vgo de Cordoua : faine would I
Know that braue Gentleman, and for the same,
Adde somewhat more vnto his honourd name.

1930

Eper. Therein my Lord, I shall account my selfe,
Much pleasurd by your grace : and this is he,
My Lord of *Brabants* subiect as he said.

Bra. My subiect? traitrous villaine how he lies,
But I will be reueng'd vpon his crimes.
What may I call your name young Gentleman?

Fer. My name is *Ferdinand*

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Lod. I know it well,
And litle thinkes he tis the Sextons hands
Draws forth a sword to giue him Knight-hood here:
But I am glad it is my fortunes chaunce,
To be of power to shew him any grace,
Whom I admir'd when first I saw his face.
Kneele downe young *Ferdinand*, and now againe,
Rise vp Sir *Ferdinando*, *Lodwicks* Knight.

1940

Bra. And rise withall base *Ferdinand*, false wretch,
Viler then puddle durt, thou spring of hate:
Neuer begot but of some dunghill churle.
Durst thou auow thou wast my subiect? durst
That impious tongue pronounce my name,
Whom thou hast most ingratfully incens'd?
Villaine, more abiect than thought can decipher,
But I am glad that we are met at last.
Here in this presence I do chalenge thee
Of most notorious felony and theft:
Let me haue iustice on this fugitiue
You Peeres of *Fraunce*, or else you iniure me.

1950

Lod. What moues the noble *Brabant* to this rage?

Eper Oh wherefore staine you vertue and renowne
With such foule tearmes of ignomy and shame?

1960

Bra. Vertue my Lords? you guild a rotten sticke,
You spread faire honours garments on the ground,
And dignifie a loathsome swine with Pearle.
This shadow of a seeming Gentleman,
This glosse of pietie, deceiues your sight:
Hees nothing so, nor so, but one my Lords,
Whom I haue fostred in my Court of almes
And to requite my carefull indulgence,
Hath Iudallike betrai'd his maisters life,
And stolne mine onely daughter to allay
The sensuall fire of his inkindled lust:
For which, let me haue iustice, and the law.

1970

Lod. You shall haue iustice, though I cannot thinke,
So faire a shape hath had so foule a forge.

Eper.

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Eper. Alack the day, misfortune should so soone
Disturbe our friendship was so well begunne:
Come hither *Ferdinand*, and tell me truth
If thou be guiltie as the Duke informes?

Fer I not denie my Lord, but I am married
Vnto *Odillia*, though vnworthy farre
Of such a gracious blessing: yet her loue
Was forward in the choise as well as mine.

1980

Bra See how he goes about to cloake the fact
With loue and marriage? no adulterous swaine,
Your hedge-betroathing couenant shall not serue.
Where is your sweete companion, where is she?
But we will talke of that an other time
Why is my Lord of *Bulloigne* so remisse,
And will not presently be giuen in charge,
A paire of boltes be clapt vpon his heeles?

1990

Lod. Without offence my Lord vnto your grace,
My selfe will vndertake to be his bayle,
And he shall answere if you so be please,
Your accusation when you will appoint
A day of hearing; be it to morrow next.

Bra. And euen to morrow let his triall be,
I will no longer haue the cause deferd. *Exit.*

Eper. And *Ferdinando*, in this time of need,
Old *Epernoune* will stand thee in some steed.
Good Duke of *Bullen*, vse him kindly yet,
Whil't I do follow this incensured Lord,
And try if teares may driue him to accord. *Exit.*

2000

Lod. Now *Ferdinand*, heres none but you and I,
Know you not mee?

Fer. I cannot call it to my mind my Lord,
That euer I did see your grace till now.

Lod. Bethinke your selfe, looke better on my face.

Fer. There is my Lord, with pardon be it spoke,
A man in *Ards*, a Sezton of a Church,
With whom I had acquaintance, he me thinkes
Is somewhat like your excellence, or else

2010

The weakest goeth to the wall.

I do not know where I haue seene your fauour.

Lod. The Sexton there is Duke of *Bulloigne* here :

Be not abasht, twas I to whom you left

Your faire *Odillia*, and tis I can witnesse,

That you and she are lawfull man and wife.

This may be some defence against the streame

Of angry *Brabant*, that pursues your life.

Come, I haue send in priuate for the dame,

And by all meanes to shield you both from shame. *Exeunt.*

2020

Enter Sir Nicholas with a Letter, Odillia with a Letter in her hand, Bunch, and Nuntio. *Sc. xvii*

Ni. And must we thus (faire Lady) forgo your sweet cōpany?

Odil. You see my Lord of *Bulloigne* sends for me,

With him remaines my husband *Ferdinand*,

So you perceiue how much it me concernes,

To leaue this place to better my estate.

Ni. I cannot blame a faire Lady, to leaue a bad thing to go to a better: my friend, thank the Duke of *Bulloigne*, my quondam *2030* Sexton for his kind Letter. I may say that, nere a Priest in *Picardie* can say beside, that I haue had a Duke to my Sexton, bee it spoken without pride.

Bunch. The Diuell ye ha^d was he not my petticeffor I pray ye^d I washis quaintance afore he knew you, friend, do my condemnations to him, one *Bunch* that botch'd in his Citie, ran away in his company, and dwelt where hee dwelt, with Dutch *Yacob Smelt*. And for my better grace, ye may say *Barnabie Bunch* that has his Sextons place. Harke ye friend, you haue brought no diseases with ye, haue ye^d *Aside.*

2040

Nuntio. Why doest thou aske so fond a question?

Bunc Marrie I spake to him when he went, to send the plague or the pox or some disease of high *France*, downe into this lowe Countrey, to lay the men of *Ards* lowe, that that I may haue money for their graues, and marrie one of their wiues, if ye haue any furmitie about ye, as the stone, or the dropisie, the pip, or the palsey, Ile giue ye as much for it as an other to haue it left in our

Odil. Will ye not write Sir *Nicholas* to the Duke? (Parish.

Ni. To tell ye true Lady, a Letter of six lines, is three dayes worke

The weakest goeth to the wall.

worke for me. The Duke knowes my minde as well as if I did 2050
write: if he haue a better Benefice or two for me, tell him I will
come.

Bunch. Then we come, both the Viccar and the Sexton.

Odil. Why *Bunch*, I thought you would haue gonewith me.

Bunch. Truly not thus aduise, if ye had no husband, fo: but
hauing a husband, no. I can be but well, and the hardest of my
my learning is past: I can say *Amen* without booke, chime two
Bells at once, whip a dog with both hands, know the difference
of the stroakes in tolling for men and women: greafe the Bell-
ropes, turne the clappers, sweepe the church, helpe the Viccar on 2060
with his furpleffe. All this I haue by roate ye may tell the Duke,
as if I had bene bound prentice to the Trade: and for making a
grauē, come all *Picardie* for the price of my pickaxe.

Odil. We stay too long, Sir *Nicholas*, farewell,
And farewell *Bunch*.

Exeunt Odillia and Nuntio.

Bunch. Hartily to you: prayye condemn me to your husband
M. fating Androw.

Ni. *Ferdinando*, *Bunch*, thou misterm'st his name.

Bunch. So haue you done many a one in the first lesson, God 2070
forgiue ye.

Ni. Let that passe amongst the rest of my veniall finnes,
And tell me *Bunch*, tell me, where's the best lickier?

Bunch. At the greene Dragon gentle maister Viccar.

Ni. Will the Dragon sting?

Bunch. From the head to the heele,
He will sting your braine fo, that heele make your feete reele.

Ni. Lets go play for two pots, away *Bunch* away.

Bunch. Then the Parish is like to haue no seruice to day. 2079

Exeunt.

Enter Lodwick, Emanuell, Epernourne in his chaire, Sc. xviii
Frederick with the Prouost and
a Headfman.

Bra. My Lord of *Bulloigne*, many things might vrdge
Your speed of Iustice, for so iust a wrong,
As the regard of your owne princely state,

The weakest goeth to the wall.

In case of him that is an equall Peere,
The right of Princes, which should vnder-prop
An honourable and direct reuenge.

I could perhaps say, were it not in Iustice,
The bloud of *Brabant*, should deserue of *Bulloigne*:
But I disrobe and strip off all regard,
And lay my wrongs as nakedly before you,
As comes an Infant borne into the world.

2090

Lod. My Lord of *Brabant*, what I freely vrdege,
Is not to to stop or turne the course of Iustice,
Which must sway all our actions, and must stand
Steady and fixed in one certaine point:
But onely by entreatie to your grace,
To supple your proceeding in this case.

2100

Eper. My Lord of *Brabant*, may old *Epermoune*
By license of my Lord, the Duke of *Bulloigne*
Haue leaue to speake, an old foole that I am,
By your good patience let me say my minde.
Now by my troath I cannot speake for teares.
Alasse, alasse, theres something I would say,
Now God helpe age, would I were in my graue.
Iustice may cut off *Ferdinand*, where is he?

O art thou there poore man? alasse, alasse:

Iustice may cut him off, Ile not denie,
But turne him with his sword amongst his foes,
And he that buyes his life shall buy it deare
Alasse poore boy, would I could do thee good:

2110

Oh to see him leade an Armie in the field,
Would make a man young, were as old as I.
I would thou hadst dyed where I saw thee last,
Euen in the midst of all the Spanish Armie,
On that condition I had dide with thee:
God helpe, God helpe, an ill mischance soone falles,
And still the weakest goe vnto the walles.

2120

Bra. Defer me not my Lord, let me haue Iustice.

Lod. My Lord you must haue Iustice, that you know,
But yet my Lord of *Brabant*, might our loue

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Rebate this sharpe edge of your bitter wrath:
With what an easie sweetnesse should our iudgement
Be relished of euery gentle heart?

Bra. My Lord of *Bulloigne* vrge me not with pittie,
He against whom I am thus pittileffe
Robd me of pittie. proceed vnto your iudgement

Eper. God help, pittie is banisht from the earth I see,
Thou pittiest none, nor no man pitties thee

2130

Bra. Old man thou doatest.

Eper. Thou art a naughtie Lord, I tel thee *Brabant*,
The day hath bene thou durst not tell me so.

Lod. Haue patience gentle father, true noble Lord,
He will haue death: whose there?

Commaund the Lady presently be brought.

Lodwick ascends, the Lady is brought in.

Bra. *Lodwick* of *Bulloigne*, is it not inough
Thou hast delaid me in the case of Iustice,
But bringst this hatefull whore vnto my sight
To vex and grieue my soule? I tell thee *Bulloigne*,
Thou wrongst mine honour with indignitie.

2140

Fre. Ah were it any tongue that calld thee so
But his *Odillia*, I would make that word
Hereticall and full of blasphemie.

Bra. My Lord of *Bulloigne*, I will not abide her.

Lod. My Lord you must abide her, since for her
You seeke the life of this young *Ferdinand*,
Sift lawe so stricktly, follow the offence,
Take all aduantage of your euidence.

2150

Eper. Now by my troath a goodly wench indeed:
Alas poore Earle, faire Princeesse speake thy mind
And Ile stand by thy side, and yet I cannot,
Ah this whorson age, well, well.

Hee weepes.

Bra. I will not heare her speake.

Lod. All's one my Lord of *Brabant*, we will heare her:
Speake freely Princeesse, and without controll.

Odil. Right reuerend Lord, if onely for my sake,

2160

I

My

The weakest goeth to the wall.

My father seeke the death of *Ferdinand*,
I heere acquit my husband of the fault,
Although I cannot of the punishment.
I was the theefe, I was the rauisher,
And I am onely guiltie of the fact.
How like a robber did I lie in waite
With beautie to entrap his gentle youth?
And like a spirit when he hath walkt alone,
How was I euer tempting him to loue?
How with my fauour did I worke his breast,
Which at the first was stubborne, Iron, cold,
Till I brought his heart to supple temper,
To take the soft impression of affection?
With these allurements would I oft entice him,
Though thou be base, my loue shall make thee noble:
Though thou be poore, my power shall make thee rich:
Though thou be scornd, my state shall make thee reuerenc'd.
Let any of you all thinke with himselfe,
Were he so meane, so friendlesse, and vnknowne,
Wooed by a virgin Princeesse of my birth,
So young, so great, so rich, as is my selfe:
Thinke he, he would not do as he hath done?
Hees guiltlesse of the fault: I was the cause,
Let me endure the rigor of your lawes.

2170

2180

Fer. O thou dost wound my loue with too much louing,
Thy beautie is not prized but with death:
That man hath not a soule, that would not die,
One houre t'enioy thy blessed company.

Eper Nay, I must weep out these poore eyes are left,
I neuer saw a cause so full of pittie.

2190

Bra. My Lord proceed, the law adiudges death
To him that steales the heire of any Prince,
That's not a Prince that doth commit the act.
He is my slaue, one that was found by me
Being a child, not fully two yeares old,
And as't should seeme, begot in bastardie,
And by the parents to that wicked fruite,

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Left in the Riuers fegges, there to be drownd,
What time the warres in *Burgundy* fell out,
And that my Dutcheffe perisht in the flight,
Nor neuer did I know what was his name,
Being so young, he could not tell the same:
Onely vpon his muckiter and band, he had an F.
By which I did suppose his name was *Ferdinand*,
And so I nam'd him.

2200

Lod. O blessed heauen, what sound is this I heare?
My litle boy was lost euen at that time:
Iust of that age, and by that Riuers side,
Whose name was christned *Fredericke*, by my father,
And had an F. on euery thing he wore.
It is my sonne, be silent yet a while.
My Lord of *Brabant*, then I take exception
Both vnto your enditement, and your plea.

2210

Bra. As how my Lord of *Bulloigne*? do me iustice.

Lod. He is endited by the name of *Ferdinand*,
And I will proue him christned *Fredericke*,
And thus is your enditement ouerthrowne.

Bra. It is a fallacie my Lord of *Bulloigne*,
He hath bene euer called by that name.

Bulloigne, do me iustice, or by heauen
It is not *Fraunce* shall hold thee, impious Duke.

2220

Lod. Nay if ye be so hotte my Lord of *Brabant*,
Then to your plea, that doth concerne him most.
The lawe is this, that he shall loose his head,
That steales away the heire of any Prince,
If not a Prince that doth commit the rape

Bra. So is my plea.

Lod. I graunt, but voyd in this.
He is a Prince that stole away thy daughter,
This is not *Ferdinand*, but *Frederick*:
The heire of *Bulloigne*, and my onely sonne,
Ah my sweete boy, ah my deare *Frederick*:
Here now I stand, and here doth stand my boy,
In Christendome let any two that dare

2230

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Auerre it to the father and the sonne,
That he is not as great a Prince as *Brabant*.

Eper Nay Ile be one, any three what ere they be,
And *Brabant* be thou one to answere vs,
Some honest man helpe me to *Friederick*.
For ioy I shall weepe out mine eyes

2240

Bra Bulloigne, how doest thou know him for thy sonne?

Lod Why Cousin *Brabant*, you say you found him
Hid in the fegs by the Riuer · euen at that instant,
And at the very place, the Dutcheffe my deare sister perished:
With whom my litle boy was at that time,
The place, the instant, and his certaine age,
The letters set to signifie his name,
The very manner of your finding him
When you departed from me with your Armie,
In the pursuite of traytrous *Mercurie*
These all affirme that he is onely mine.

2250

Bra. My Lord of *Bulloigne*, I embrace your loue,
In all firme and true brotherly affection:
I make your sonne my sonne, my daughter yours,
And do intreat in Princely curtesie,
Old grieve henceforth, no more be thought vpon.

Lod. Deare brother *Brabant*, your true princely kindnesse
Doth but forestall, what I would haue requested.

Right noble Prince, I giue you *Friederick*,
And I accept your sweete *Odillia*

2260

Come, thou art now the Duke of *Bulloignes* daughter,
Thy husband is the Duke of *Brabants* sonne,
Thou shalt be now my care, my sonne thy fathers.
Thus do we make exchange betwixt each others,
Thus should it be, betwixt two louing brothers.

Eper Nay, nay, let me be one I pray you Lords,
I haue no child left to inherit mine
When I shall die, as long I cannot liue,
I freely giue them all that ere I haue.

He weepes.

Lod. A thousand thanks, true noble *Epernoune*:
Brother of *Brabant*, *Friederick*, and faire Princeffe,

2270

Imbrace

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Imbrace this noble Lord, and hold him deare.

All together. Our father, guide, and comfort we you call,
And be you euer honoured of vs all.

Enter Villiers, Oriana, and Diana.

Vil Iustice my Lord of *Bulloigne*, I beseech you

Bul My friend, what is thy cause, then let vs know,
Sit downe good brother *Brabant*, and the rest

Vil My Lord, my sute is here against a widow
That I haue long time su'd in way of marriage.

2280

Bul. Let me with iudgement view this woman well *Aside.*
Stay let me see, it is my *Oriana*,

And my poore *Dyan*, my deare loued Girle.

Alasse poore soules, what woe and miserie

Haue ye endured since I left you last?

I will forbear my knowledge till I see

To what effect this cause will fort vnto.

Tell on your case: of whence, and whats your name?

Vil. I am of *Rochell*, and my name *Villiers*.

Lod. Of what profession?

2290

Vil. A Merchant I, my honourable Lord.

Ori. But though you be a Merchant, I beleue
Here is some ware you must not deale withall.

Thinkst thou *Dyana*, my deare Lord thy father,
Will know vs in this Seampsters poore disguise?

Dya. Madam, I know not, for much time is past
Since he at *Newkerk* parted with vs last.

She must be widow if the Merchants wife,
But by this match I thinke hee'll hardly thrive.

Lod. M. Villiers, you shall haue Iustice sir,
Speake in your cause you haue free libertie.

2300

Vil My Lord of *Bulloigne*, thus then stands my case,
This Gentlewoman whom my sute concernes,
Being embark'd for England with her daughter,
To seeke her husband as she made report,
Twixt Sluice in *Flaunders* where she went aboard,
And Goodwines Sands, by sturdie aduerse windes,
Was beaten backe vpon the coast of *Fraunce*,
And came to *Rochell*, where my dwelling is

I ta-

The weakest goeth to the wall.

I taking liking of her, entertaind her,
Let her a house conuenient as I thought,
And lent her mony to supply her wants,
And afterwards wonne by affection,
I did solícite her in way of marriage,
But still she did deferre me with delaies,
Because she said her husband still did liue:
But for my kindnes if her husband died,
She told me then, I was the likest to speed.
She hauing got some mony by her needle,
Desired me to let her haue a lease:

2310

2320

The lease was drawne, to which she put her name
Widow, which here her owne hand testifies:
Which being thus confessed by her selfe,
I by her promise claime her for my wife

Lod The case is plaine

Oria. That he shall go without mee.

Lod Lady, what way haue you to auoyd this bond?
Here is your hand set to confirme the deed.

Oria. But not my heart: and that I will be sworne
Heer's one I thinke, that hath had that too long
To leaue it now, or else I haue more wrong
Vnto the Scriuener I referd the same,
And he put that word, widow to my name
I humbly do intreat your highnes fauour,
For if you knew where I had dwelt before,
I thinke you would do that for me, and more

2330

Lod Speak gentlewoman, where haue you bin bred?

Oria. I was attending in my yonger yeares,
And this sweet Girle, though now thus mean & poore
Vpon the Duchesse, the Dukes wife of *Bullogne*
Though I say it, one that she loued once,
Whilst she did flourish in prosperitie:

2340

And had not fortune much impaird her state,
I had not now stood in such need of friends
But when the greatest into daunger falles,
The weakest still did go vnto the walles.

She weepes.

Lod.

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Lod. Tis very true, that haue I tried my selfe,
Thy teares no longer can conceale my loue
Rise *Oriana*, rise my sweete *Dyana*,
Lodwicks true wife, and his right vertuous
Imbrace thy lost sonne *Frederick* once more,
Whom we supposed neuer to haue seene
With him receiue a daughter, *Brabants* heire,
He hath bene foster-father to thy boy,
And both are here to full compleat our ioy.

2350

Oria. My deare *Frederick* ?

Dia. My beloued brother ?

Fre. Oh happie *Frederick* finding such a mother,
And such a sister, father, friends and all,
Neuer a man did better fortune fall.

2360

Lod. How say you M. Merchant ? is your suite voyd
In lawe or no ? is she a widow now ?

Vil. No my good Lord, and I reioyce thereat

Lod. Thankes, but we will requite thy loue and kindnesse
Extended to them in necessitie.

And our reward thou shalt haue liberally.

Enter a Messenger.

What newes with thee, thou comest in such haste :

Mes. His highnesse from his holy Pilgrimage
Is home returnd, and doth require your presence.

2370

Lod. That's but our dutie, welcome is our King,
His highnesse now shall sentence traitrous *Aniou*,
According as his trecheries deserue,
And all our ioyes shall be disclosde to him,
That haue so happily this day befallne.
Thus time the saddest heart from sorrow calles,
And helpes the weake, long thrust into the walles.

Exeunt.